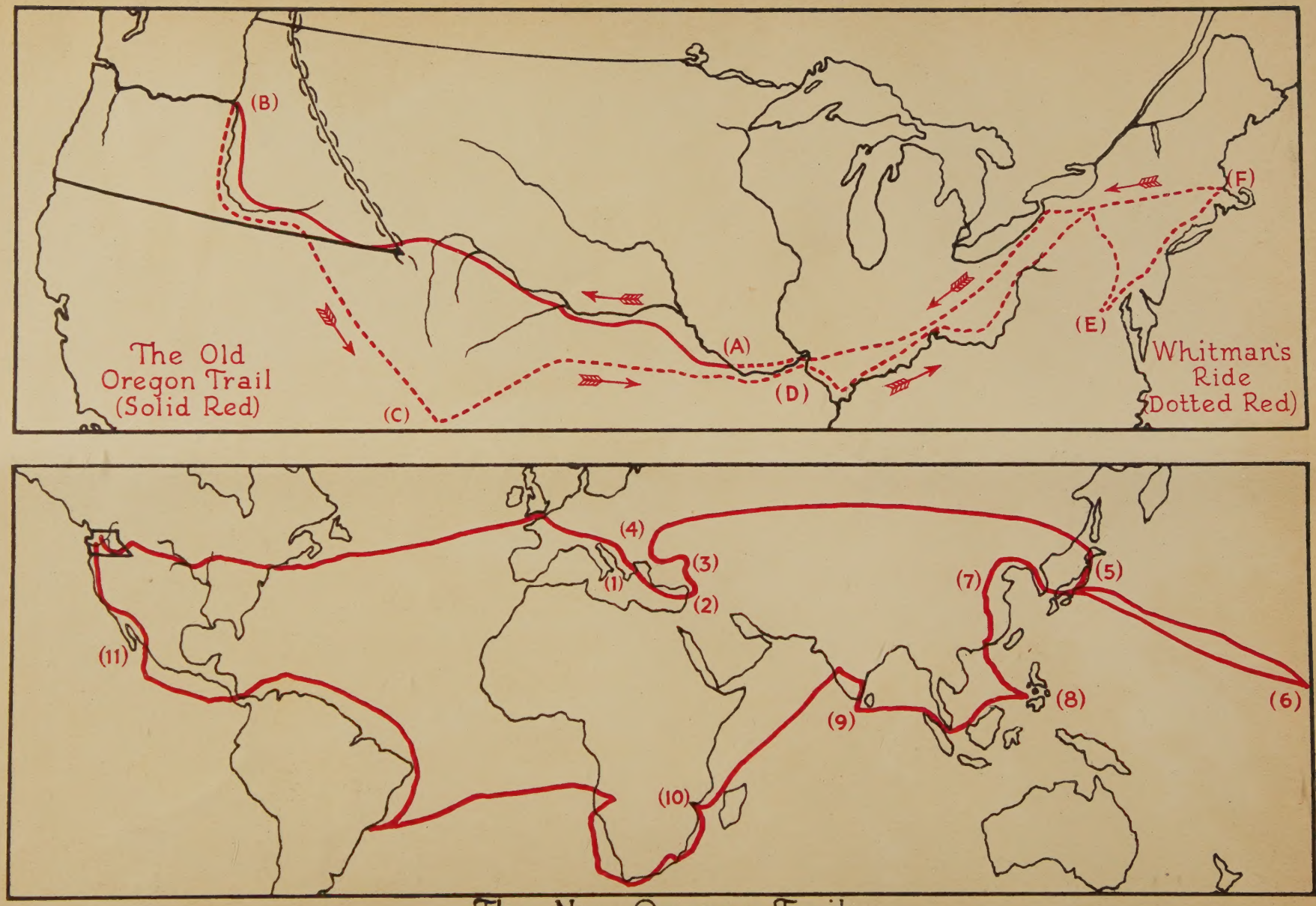
Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD JUNE 1931



The New Oregon Trail

COME ON, LET'S GO

WE of little old New England salute you of the great Pacific Northwest, and suggest

That as you have felt the thrill of the old Oregon Trail, you try the new one.

The pioneer blood still coursing through your veins, the craving for the wide open spaces, the urge for adventure, for big things done in a big way,—

All this is God-given, commanding, commissioning.

So, take the new Oregon Trail to those world frontiers where your kith and kin are in the midst of great doings.

You have a mission: to know first hand the lands and people, the needs and work of the missionaries in whom the churches of the old Oregon Country are interested.

The trail is clear. Study the lower map opposite. Take the Red Line to

(1) Greece, proud of its classic fame, but hungering for your friendship.
(2) Syria, close by the Holy Land, and yet on the borders of the desert.
(3) Turkey, an Oriental people turning Western.
(4) Bulgaria, with a peasant class of vigor and promise.

Then crossing Russia, the "most astonishing country in the world," the new Oregon Trail leads to

(5) Japan, picturesque, fascinating, proud, progressive, yet "in need of a religion with a moral force."
(6) The Marshall Islands, a few dots in the great Pacific but full of souls and of social problems.
(7) Vast but plastic, disrupted but determined China where nationalism and communism are at grips, and where Christ is the only hope.
(8) The Philippines, our own national responsibility.
(9) India, going the way of all the world!
(10) Africa where two virile races must learn how to live together, and
(11) Mexico—a problem? no, an *opportunity* right at your own side door.

If those awakened peoples are going somewhere, then you must. So take this new world trail.

Not the line of the "Red" who denies God and imagines he can stifle individualism. No, not that:

But the "Way of the Cross," where men learn to pour out their life for the redemption of their fellow beings and of human society the world over.

The Red Line that leads to life for you, for your church, and for others all over the world who would have to struggle along alone if it weren't for what the Congregational-Christian churches in America are doing.

The "ride to save Oregon" thus becomes the "ride to save the World."

* * * * * * *

Now, as you know, it costs to keep this big business going.

If you took the trip suggested, and actually visited the eleven lands numbered on the trail, you'd have to part with three thousand dollars at least—probably more—and

As you would return with new purpose and plans in behalf of your friends abroad, you would not be content until a thousand times three thousand dollars were raised annually by the Congregational-Christian churches of America for an adequate support of your foreign work.

* * * * * * *

But most of you cannot hit the trail in person. You have to remain at home. Moreover, you haven't much to give in dollars and cents.

You can take the trail nevertheless. You can read and study until these eleven lands are as familiar to you as your own land—almost.

And in doing this you can help in a campaign of missionary education, a *sine qua non* for intelligent, prayerful, triumphant support of the work.

For after all, this new Oregon Trail which leads unto the uttermost ends of the earth in a great sharing enterprise calls for the hard work of making ourselves intelligent.

We must know our business, our representatives and their associates among the nationals, our foreign fields of labor—those eleven lands in which we work. We must know everything about them that we can pick up through wide, thoughtful reading and study.

Are you willing to do this for Him whose truth and spirit meant so much to those who laid the foundations of your great states in the Pacific Northwest?

* * * * * * *

If so, then you'll take seriously a special suggestion of ours. This is that you do a certain bit of consecrated reading once a month. It won't cost you *annually* as much as many of you give to a movie once a week, not to speak of some pink tea or picnic.

The total cost to you for a whole year is but one three-thousandth part of a world tour in person! For **only one dollar a year** you can tour the world once a month without actually leaving your home! The Red Line is The Dollar Line!

So, friend reader, mount and ride. Subscribe NOW for the MISSIONARY HERALD. Subscribe for yourself, for some friend, or for a small reading group.

Send in this coupon with your dollar (in check, money order or stamps) to Harvey L. Meeken, Agent, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

TO THE MISSIONARY HERALD

Please find enclosed one dollar for one year's subscription from ..... 1931.

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June.....

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THE MISSIONARY HERALD

The Oldest Periodical in America in Continuous Circulation

A WORLD OUTLOOK FOR WORLD SERVICE

Established in 1818, succeeding *The Panoplist* established 1805, which absorbed *The Massachusetts Missionary Magazine* established June, 1803

One Dollar a Year. *No club rates.* *Ten Cents a Copy*

Order of HARVEY L. MEEKEN, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Vol. CXXVII JUNE, 1931 No. 6

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EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MISSIONARY HERALD

Editor, ENOCH FRYE BELL

Editorial Assistant, GRACE H. KNAPP

Foreign Correspondents, HUNDREDS OF WATCHMEN AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

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THE PICTURE OF MT. RAINIER

that appears on the cover of this June issue will doubtless cause our readers to anticipate a good deal of material between the covers on the great Pacific Northwest and on the Seattle meeting itself.

When referring to the "Old Oregon Country" we include not only the states of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho but also Montana and Wyoming, because the western strip of the former and a western wedge into the latter formed originally a part of Old Oregon.

On the inside of our cover the old and new Oregon trails are given, and toward the end of this June issue will be found the Roll Call of the various missionaries that are supported in whole or in part by the states mentioned, or else were born or trained in those states.

Of course we have to bring in an account of the Oregon Mission of the American Board, and this we do through the kind assistance of President and Mrs. Penrose of Whitman College.

Not a little material is suggested on the various Seminars that are to be conducted at the National Council meeting in Seattle. Here some foreign missionary material can be found on the application of the Gospel to the individual, to the home, community, etc. We call attention also to Dr. Frank K. Sanders' personal interpretation of the plan for Church Union in South India and to Secretary Fairfield's résumé of the process of union in the foreign work of the Congregational and Christian groups. Also to articles by Rev. Robert Merrill Bartlett of Norwood, Massachusetts, formerly of Yenching University; by Miss Margaret Welles of the Marathi Mission family, Miss Nellie Walker of Foochow, Mrs. Harold W. Robinson of Paotingfu; and by Secretary Chirgwin of the London Missionary Society.

There is also a timely word on Spain by Rev. Wayne H. Bowers, the representative of the Board in the work in that field.

Last, but by no means least, is the message of Chairman Leavitt of the Prudential Committee.

THE OVERFLOW OF VITAL RELIGION

By ASHLEY DAY LEAVITT

IT is common knowledge that to save the tree we must feed its roots. The first sign of threatened decay is oftentimes the withering of the topmost branches of the tree, and the easiest thing to do is to cut off the dying limbs, and to keep doing so, even though the tree is left with less sweep and outreach and fruitage. But an expert will rather adopt a vigorous feeding program for the roots. He will get back the tree at the earliest possible moment to robust vitality. Then will he restore the widespreading branches, delightful shade and abundant life-giving fruit.

So it is with the Tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. The superficial observer will ask, "What is happening to our missionary cause?" but the man at the heart of the thing will reply, "That is not the question. This is it: what is happening to the Christian Faith itself in the lives of the people who profess it? True missionary leaders are not concerned to save a pet interest. They are concerned with the meaning of the Christian Faith and with the experience thereof. Given true Christian experience, and the missionary cause will flourish. The most vital, the most satisfying, the most courageous Christian faith and experience always expresses itself in missionary effort. It always has; it ever will. So feed the roots with what they most need."

And right here we can say that one who understands present-day trends in the religious life of our churches can well be hopeful with regard to our great missionary enterprises. To be sure, if we must lay the present problem to the fact that a new skepticism has invaded the Church of Christ as to the worth of Christ to the world, or that selfishness and materialism have captured the rank and file of His nominal followers, it is a dark picture indeed. But if the problem is more largely due to the transition period between old and new certainties; if at present, though not quite sure of our ground, we are nevertheless going on to find new confidence in new measures and new interpretations of value, then we can tighten our belts with courage, and work and wait for a better day.

This halting in the work for a world-wide Kingdom of God must not discourage us. We need not be downhearted because a fine confidence as to what ought to be done and how to do it gives way temporarily to uncertainty and to a paralyzing modesty. We need not fear that our forward movement has been retarded permanently while lines are being adjusted. This does not necessarily mean the decay of religion. In fact, we have good reason to expect better things, now that the supply base is being re-stocked and reserves are gathering.

We can find encouragement in the vast amount of activity today in individual parishes. No survey that I have seen gives sufficient place or importance to this highly significant local industry. Hundreds of churches are busy as they have not been in years, if ever before. There is building, improvement of equipment, multiplication of services in great variety. Much of it seems completely centered in the individual church and its parish. That may be the reason that it has not been correctly appraised. It is seen as a new provincialism in religion, a withdrawal from large social and international concerns. So it seems.

But the mere desire to build impressive edifices, to enjoy elaborate services, or to get ahead in some local competition, does not explain this widespread parish activity that in most cases is very absorbing. **It is rather an eager and in some cases an anxious effort to prove that the Christian religion can be a vital force and an inspiring influence in personal and community life.** It is an answer to the challenge that modern liberal Christianity has no power.

The people of modern communities are coming to the churches with all the needs made evident by the living conditions of the present day. They are not thinking of old formulae or new doctrine. They are asking that religion be real to them, give them poise, stability, peace and courage—in short give them knowledge and assurance of the real values in life. This effort comes after a blank space in our religious history when these same multitudes, so far as they had any religion, were living on an inheritance that had not been interpreted in terms belonging to the post-war world.

Just this thing is being accomplished in many and many a church. It is just the beginning of the thing, but a necessary beginning. It is good so far as it goes. It has evangelical fervor, the spirit of sacrifice, and is Christ centered. It promises much.

The only weakness about this most conspicuous phase of current Christian activity is that it does not go far enough. Let us not be impatient at this point. Every missionary leader is repeatedly saying that the root of the matter is that the Christian should feel that in his religion he has something worth communicating, so good that he will inevitably want to share it. Somehow or other in the transition period the sure sense of unique value in the Christian religion was weakened for multitudes of Christians. Now they are in the way of getting

it again. And they are getting it in a way that **will have incalculable significance for world Christian service.** What they are getting is an experience of the worth of Christianity, in this very world in which we are living, and in which all men are living. Not the American world, not the Western world, but the wide world with its secularism, its materialism, its greed and corruption, its rivalries and denials of human values.

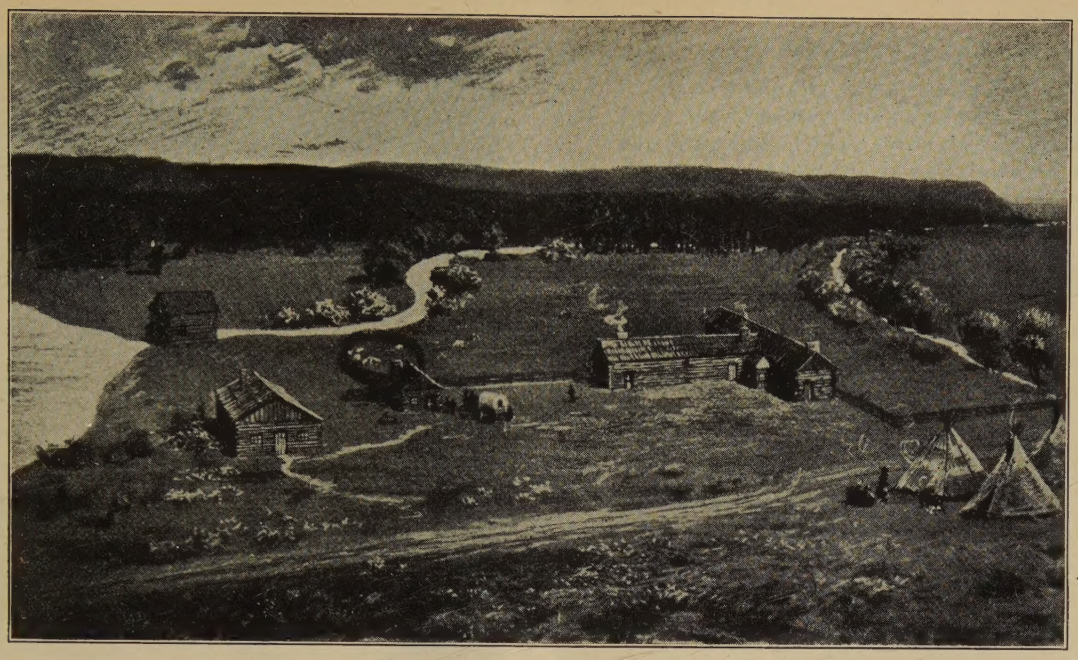
It has been demonstrated that the cause of world Christianity cannot win the new supporters it so urgently needs by repeating the phrases potent a generation ago. There must be a new Christian experience, not new in substance but new in apprehension, that can be the basis of a new generous impulse for wide sharing. **Such a new experience of the unique worth of Christ and His message for the world we live in, is more than started.** Multitudes have it. Many have it who in their new enthusiasm are a bit selfish and do not yet see the universal implications of their experience.

This is the right line. It is a real evangelism, a revival of spiritual life in the churches. More power to it, and more patience with it as it gets under way. May more churches be drawn into this intense, confident effort to demonstrate that today Christianity, as in every generation, can be the supremely vital thing in the actual life of men.

It remains to be said that the churches should not overdo this local concentration. It is being overdone. It is natural to overdo it. Many churches are having so wonderful an experience of a revival of real religion in their fields that they are afraid of being diverted. Some leaders are responsible for this spiritual self-centeredness. Nothing more short-sighted could be done. If anything is true in the history of Christianity it is true that you cannot build a spiritual life that will keep clean and vigorous without **moving as soon as possible from the personal to the social emphasis, from the local to the world-wide opportunity.** The new vigor of the spiritual life in many churches will surely stagnate if allowed to confine itself at home.

A wise leadership will see that this is done. We have enough to go ahead on in the newly found worth of Christ as physician, guide and inspiration to men in the tests of present day life. The other men living anywhere in this same world are as needy as we. **There is sharing still to be done.** Every individual Christian experience, every local spiritual development will gain immeasurably by helping to create the wider religious experience. So may Christian men and women of the present generation, having found their way to new appreciations of the meaning of Christ and His message for life, validate again the greatness and the glory of the faith as God's gift to all mankind.

Fort Walla-Walla, Hudson Bay Company



American Board Station at Waiilatpu, Oregon Country

THE AMERICAN BOARD IN OREGON

By STEPHEN B. L. PENROSE

BECAUSE the missionary efforts of the American Board in the Pacific Northwest ended in the tragedy of Waiilatpu, many persons have believed that those efforts were crowned with failure and constituted a chapter of history which ought to be forgotten. Nothing could be further from the truth. The three missions established by the Board reflect glory upon it. And although in the progress of our national history two of them disappeared and only one survives in the mission to the Nez Percé Indians in northern Idaho, every friend of the American Board ought to feel pride in the heroic men and women who gave their lives for Christ in the Pacific Northwest.

When, in 1835, the American Board sent an exploring party, consisting of Rev. Samuel Parker and Doctor Marcus Whitman, to the northwest in response to a thrilling appeal for the Gospel from the Indians of that remote region, it must be remembered that the land was foreign soil. The northwest boundary line had for many years been in dispute between Great Britain and the United States, and the vast uncharted wilderness, which Lewis and Clark had traversed in 1805, was claimed by both nations and held under a treaty of joint occupancy. Hence it was necessary that a foreign missionary society rather than a home missionary society should send out missionaries to the natives. The original commission issued to Doctor Whitman in 1835, now in the historical museum of Whitman College, authorizes him to act as missionary "to Indian tribes west of the Missouri River." No closer designation was possible. The name Oregon had not yet been attached to the region. It was practically unknown, inhabited by savages and wild beasts.

Into this wilderness, in September 1836, three white men and two white women came across the continent as representatives of the American Board. They were Doctor Marcus Whitman, the first medical missionary west of the Rocky Mountains, and Narcissa Prentiss, his wife; Rev. Henry Harmon Spalding and Eliza Hart, his wife; and William H. Gray, a young man attached to the party as general factotum, destined to win fame later as the first historian of Oregon. The Whitmans located their mission in what is now southeastern Washington, at Waiilatpu, six miles west of the present city of Walla Walla, and here, on March 14, 1837, the first white child on the Pacific Coast, Alice Clarissa, was born to them. Their mission flourished and drew to it many visitors and helpers. After the western migration of the 40's began, the wagon trains of 1842, '43, '44, and '45 came to the Whitman mission and passed on to the Columbia River at Fort Walla Walla. When the massacre occurred in November, 1847, fourteen men and boys and forty women and girls were living at the mission. A

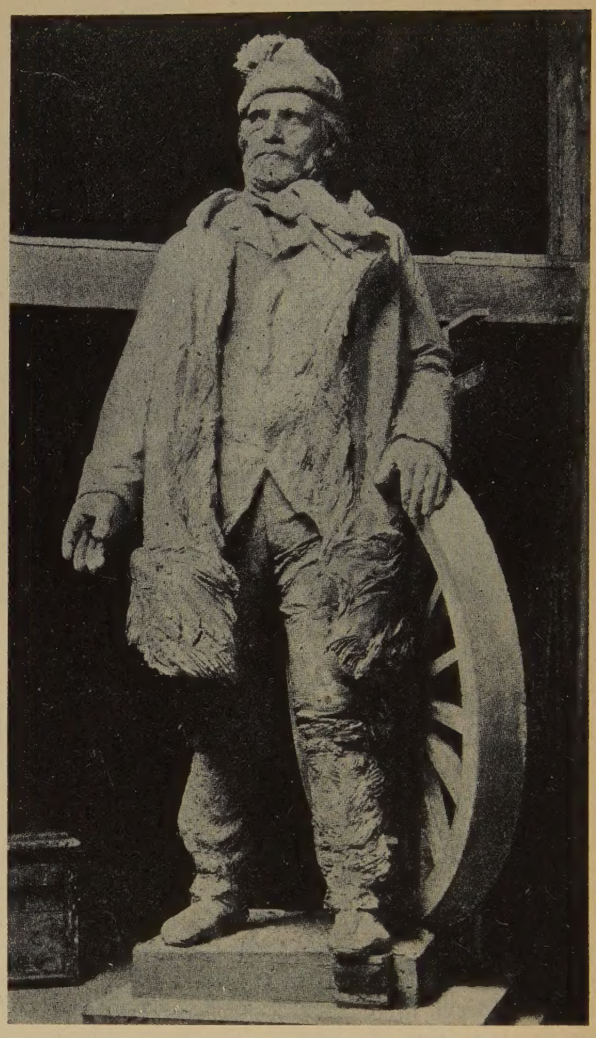
MARCUS WHITMAN

Sanguine, determined, sure of self, and strong,
Didst thou, of all that earnest, valiant band
Who journeyed westward through an unknown land
See with prophetic eye the myriad throng
To follow thy wheel-ruts, rough way and long?
Didst know that Course of Empire took command
Of that first wagon? Didst thou understand
Thine own insistence, spurred by prayer and song?

Heroic Martyr! Couldst thou now but view,
Where mountains whiten into azure sky,
The smiling land a-bloom from home-seeds sown
By thee and thy companion, loyal, true—
Couldst see thy country's flag triumphant fly—
It would thy toil reward, thy death atone.

—ALICE HARRIMAN.

From Eells' *Marcus Whitman Pathfinder and Patriot.*



Idealized Portrait of
NARCISSA PRENTISS WHITMAN
by Mary G Allen
Presented to Whitman College, Walla Walla, WA. by
Narcissa Prentiss Chapter, D.A.R.

NARCISSA WHITMAN

"She was a lady of refined feelings and commanding appearance. She had very light hair, light, fresh complexion, and light blue eyes. Her features were large, her form full and round. At that time she was in the prime of life, and was considered a fine, noble-looking woman, affable and free to converse with all she met. Her conversation was animated and cheerful. Firmness in her was natural, and to some, especially the Indians, it was repulsive. She had been brought up in comparative comfort, and moved in the best of religious society in the place of her residence. She was a good singer, and one of her amusements, as well as that of her traveling companions, was to teach the Doctor to sing, which she did with considerable success—that is, he could sing the native songs without much difficulty."

WILLIAM H. GRAY
(an associate of the Whitmans)

farm of two hundred forty acres was in successful operation; the first schoolhouse east of the Cascades was thronged with Indian children; religious services with preaching were held regularly; and every evidence of success was present.

Doctor Whitman won the respect and liking of all who met him by his honesty, downrightness and bluff, straightforward manner. He was, it must be remembered, a doctor, a farmer, an explorer, and a pioneer rather than a preacher or a teacher. Yet he quickly learned the Indian language and helped his wife to teach the Indian children, and he also preached on Sundays. He was generally known as the "good doctor" because of his medical skill and his unfailing human sympathy. Mrs. Whitman won even quite as much admiration by her dignity of character, her noble bearing, her golden hair and her sweet voice. She and her husband were truly mated and deeply attached to one another and to their common work. They lived together happily and died at their post of duty.

The cause of the Whitman massacre can be better understood now after the lapse of nearly a century. The stream of white settlers had begun in 1842, and in 1843 Doctor Whitman had lead, as guide, the great immigration whose coming settled the fate of Oregon by bringing an overwhelming majority of Yankees to the northwest. Each year thereafter saw the stream of settlers increase, and the Indians vaguely felt that Doctor Whitman was responsible. On the twenty-ninth of November, 1847, the uncivilized portion of the Cayuse tribe, among whom the Whitmans were laboring, suddenly rose and killed Doctor and Mrs. Whitman and all the men and boys, sparing the women and girls with the exception of Mrs. Whitman. It was the futile effort of a savagery doomed to extinction, trying to take vengeance on its conquerors.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding established their home in the fall of 1836, on the Clearwater River, ten miles above its entrance into the Snake. Their work was with the Nez Percé Indians whose character was singularly different from that of the other western tribes. Lewis and Clark had found the Nez Percé Indians friendly, gentle, and dignified. The Spaldings were welcomed by them and won their friendship. The hardships of the life in that remote wilderness told on the delicate frame of Mrs. Spalding, but she endured them heroically and impressed the Nez Percés profoundly by her sweetness of temper, heroic endurance and rare spirit of devotion. She was a woman of prayer, who consecrated her every act to God, and the influence of her saintly life was long felt.

During the Indian wars, which broke out following the Whitman massacre, the Spaldings were obliged to take refuge in the Willamette Valley because the Nez Percés could not protect them from the hostile tribes. Mrs. Spalding died there, but in 1861 Mr. Spalding returned to his Indian friends and spent the remainder of his life among them, winning many converts to Christ. At one time he baptized more than eight hundred Indians. His grave is on the bank of the Clearwater, where he spent his life as a missionary.

The Spalding mission is the only one of the three American Board missions which survives. When the United States Government adopted the policy in 1855 of placing the Indian tribes on reservations, those Indians, among whom the Whitman mission and the Eells mission had been planted, were removed and the continuance of the missions was therefore rendered impossible, even if the Whitman mission had not been blotted out by the massacre of '47 and the mission at Tshimakain abandoned in consequence. The Nez Percé reservation, however, included the Spalding mission and the latter therefore naturally was continued, but not as a mission of the American Board, because in 1858 the Presbyterians, who up to that time had united with the Congregational and Dutch Reformed Churches in the American Board, had withdrawn and set up their own foreign missions. The Spalding mission was turned over to them and it is now one of the outstanding efforts of the Presbyterian work of Indian missions. Yet it was planted by the American Board and is its creation. The American Board ought not to relinquish its claim to the achievements of the Spaldings any more than to those of the Whitmans.

In 1838 Rev. Cushing Eells and his wife, and Rev. Elkanah Walker and his wife settled at Tshimakain, two hundred miles north of the Whitman mission, about twenty miles northwest of the present city of Spokane. They were both college and seminary graduates, devoted to their work and deeply interested in the Indians among whom they lived. The hardships of pioneer life were borne cheerfully. The teaching of these Indians seemed more advisable than preaching to them, for they were less responsive to ethical and emotional appeal than were the Nez Percés. When the Whitman massacre occurred in 1847 the Indians of the northern mission protected the lives of their white friends from the threatened attack of the Cayuses and the Walla Walla savages and escorted them to safety under a large bodyguard until they reached the protection of United States troops. The mission was abandoned and the need for it disappeared with the removal of the Indians to the Colville reservation. But when in 1872 Cushing Eells revisited the scene of his former labors and the friends he had made there, he found among them evidences of Christian character and devotion. Many of the Indians were having family prayers and singing Christian hymns. The seeds which he and Mr.

Here is an "undenominational small college which refuses to lower its standard from any notion of the importance of mere numbers; which devotes its energies to its own mission as the maker of men and leaves to the university its own distinct work of making specialists, which sees the extravagance of spending large sums for fine buildings and small sums for strong teachers." Such a college "has a place so secure and so important that all the tendencies today in large colleges and in professional schools are serving only to strengthen the small college of this type against its real and supposed dangers."

MEMORIAL BUILDING, WHITMAN COLLEGE, WALLA WALLA

Walker had sown had borne an unexpected harvest.

Little as the Commissioners of the American Board suspected in 1836, it was the coming of those two white women, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, which attracts the most attention and deserves the highest honor. Men can readily bear the hardships of pioneer life, eat plain food, and sleep on the ground or in log huts, but delicately nurtured women, as were these two, are not expected to bear such hardships and their honor is all the greater because they bore them so unflinchingly. They were the first white women to cross the American continent, and the homes which they set up at Waiilatpu and Lapwai were the first American homes on the Pacific Coast, and therefore mark the beginning of American civilization on the Pacific Coast. It is all the more gratifying to us that that first American civilization was also Christian.

Rev. Jason Lee and his brother had begun missionary work in the Willamette Valley two years earlier, but they were unmarried men whose coming had nothing like the same significance as the coming of the Whitmans and the Spaldings. When, in 1936, the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of American civilization on the Pacific Coast is celebrated, the American Board should take the first place in the celebration because it is their missionaries whom the nation will honor.

Although the missions of the American Board at Waiilatpu and Tshimakain passed away with the passing of the Indians, it must not be supposed that their influence passed away. Soon after the Whitman massacre, Cushing Eells, while teaching in Tualitin Academy at Forest Grove, made up his mind that some day he would build a memorial to his murdered friends, Doctor and Mrs. Whitman. Slowly the project took shape during the long years of Indian wars that broke out after the Whitman massacre and closed the upper country for white settlers. In 1859 he was able to return to the Walla Walla valley and found a great neglected mound, beneath which the bodies of those who had been killed were gathered. Sage brush grew over it and a badger had burrowed into it. But as he stood there and meditated on the noble lives of his ill-fated friends, he felt "the power of the Most High" come upon him and he decided to devote the rest of his life to founding a suitable memorial for them, not a monument of stone nor a bronze tablet, but a Christian school for the education

of the boys and girls who would some day grow up in that region.

He must have been a prophet as well as a saint, for at the time there were no boys and girls within three hundred miles. But soon a town sprang up to the eastward and the school, chartered in December, 1859, as Whitman Seminary, was established at Walla Walla, the only institution for higher education between the Cascades and the Rocky Mountains. Many men and women who won distinction in after life owed their education to Whitman Seminary, for which Cushing Eells sacrificed and prayed. Eells, Walker, and Spalding were among the members of its Board of Trustees.

But Cushing Eells had larger ideas and a farther reaching vision. He was himself a graduate of Williams College and he desired that a college should be the memorial of his friend. In 1882 a charter was obtained from the Territorial Legislature of Washington for "Whitman College, an institution for the education of both sexes in literature, science, and art." At once the institution began to grow under the leadership of its first president, A. J. Anderson, Ph.D., who left the Territorial University at Seattle to take the leadership of Whitman College. Since then it has grown steadily in usefulness and in prestige. Its total assets are now about two million dollars and its graduates have won distinction in many fields. Some of them have gone as missionaries to the ends of the earth. At present they may be found in Mexico, Chile, Honduras, the Philippines, Japan, China, India, Persia, Syria, Turkey and Africa.

The College is a Christian institution, founded by a saint in memory of a hero, and is carrying on as faithfully as it can the great tradition of Christian service left by Whitman and Eells. It is the residuary legatee of the American Board in Oregon.

REMEMBER THE BOARD'S MEETING AT SEATTLE

Friday, June 26, 1931

2:00 P.M. Business Session.

3:00 P.M. Annual Survey by Executive Vice-President Goodsell.

3:30 P.M. Addresses by Mr. Lorbeer of India, Dr. Newell and Miss Stacy of Japan, Mr. Outerbridge and Mrs. Parsons of China.

Tuesday Evening, June 30

Addresses by Rev. Hiroshi Hatanaka of Osaka, Japan, Chairman Board of Directors, Kumiai Churches, and by Rev. Henry C. McDowell of Galangue, West Africa.

Thursday Evening, July 2

Address by Dr. Walter H. Judd of China.

THE OUTLOOK FOR CHURCH UNION IN SOUTH INDIA

By FRANK K. SANDERS

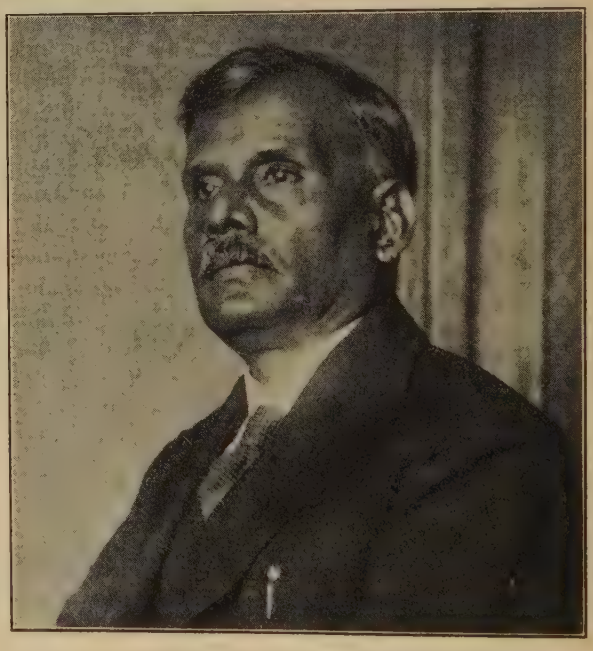
The chairman of the Commission on Interchurch Relations describes a great plan of union now before the American Board, and expresses his personal opinion upon it.

FOR a number of years a movement for organic church union has been going on in South India which every religiously minded Christian in the United States should follow with interest and sympathy. It is a fair and square attempt to put into practice the sort of union which our friends in Canada have in large measure achieved, but which we across the border are only able to discuss as a rather remote ideal. Within the area of South India it is proposed to establish one all-encompassing Protestant Church of Jesus Christ.

We of the Congregational order in South India have collaborated in this movement sincerely and heartily from the outset in 1905. There is today, I am quite sure, no such person as a Congregationalist among the nationals of South India or Ceylon. In the many churches of these areas which our missionaries helped to establish, each communicant calls himself or herself a member of the South India United Church. Our own missionaries, notably the Rev. Dr. John J. Banninga, the principal of the Union Theological Seminary at Pasumalai, one of the most widely known and influential missionaries in India today, have for this quarter century or more been devoted supporters of this religious trend. They value our denominational missionary history in India and Ceylon for over a century, but they set even greater store by a future which forgets denominational advantage or glory in the interests of a united Protestant Christian movement.

But this movement does not derive its real strength from missionary support, invaluable as missionary wisdom and breadth of experience may be. Its initiation, years ago, was probably due in the main to missionary support. But very soon the South India United Church through its wise organization and its supply of growingly competent national leaders became a religious body in which missionaries were honored and efficient advisers, but in which the real control became national. The movement for complete organic unity of the Protestant churches of South India and Ceylon today derives its steadiness and assurance of success from the fact that the bulk of the native Christian leaders give it their active support. This means more than numbers; it really means leadership of real quality.

Many of us here at home had the valued opportunity, last spring, and at the International Congregational Council in June at Bournemouth, England, to meet one of these third-generation Christian leaders of South India, Mr. J. V. Chelliah, M.A. of Jaffna College, Vaddukoddai, Ceylon, the vice-principal of that leading institution of higher education in Northern Ceylon. Mr. Chelliah's pleasing personality, his readiness in English speech, his insight into Western affairs, and his varied experiences made him a valued companion,



Rev. J. V. Chelliah

one whose judgments were sought regarding many of the current problems in the process of solution in India. But the one theme nearest his heart, to which he invariably drew the conversation or address, was the prospective union of the Protestant churches in South India. He came to the Council as the chosen representative of the South India United Church of which he was the moderator, a notable honor for so young a man. But for years, as a layman, he has been a reliable factor in the promotion of church interests over a steadily widening area. His choice as moderator—as relatively great an honor as when one of our own ministers is chosen to be the moderator of our National Coun-

cil—was of course, a tribute to his training, capacity and serviceableness, but I think of it as a tribute likewise to the soundness of judgment on the part of our missionaries in their evangelistic and educational labors. Men and women, trained in such schools as ours, are the ones relied upon for social, educational and religious permanence and advancement all over the Far East. Their ideas and programs do not differ appreciably from those of the missionaries. Mr. Chelliah grew up among the Congregational group of Jaffna churches. He is, of course, an outstanding man, there and elsewhere, yet he does not stand alone. He would be the first to recognize and honor the many Indian colleagues who are working with the same unselfish energy to establish a new Church order in South India and Ceylon.

The United Church of South India is still an uncompleted project. Just when it will become an established entity no one can determine with exactness. The ideal which it embodies constitutes a challenge to church people there and here. Since many readers do not understand the existing status there, a brief historical survey is in point.

Some twenty-five years ago the South India United Church was organized to include the Christian churches founded by the Congregationalists of Great Britain (L.M.S.), those of America, the Scotch Presbyterians, the American Dutch Reformed churches and those of the German Basel Mission. The resultant Church was not a federated organization but a real organic union. My impression is that it was the outcome of some years of consideration, and a testimonial to the masterly leadership of a relatively small group of men, which included both nationals and missionaries, the latter group being probably at that time the more influential. This United Church plan worked out with marked success. The young members of the new Church grew up unaware of denominational differences. The churches retained entire independence, but were organized, much after the Presbyterian fashion, into area groups and a general Council or Assembly.

About twelve years ago (May, 1919) certain ministers and laymen of this South Indian United Church and Indian ministers of the Anglican Church of South India, at a conference held at Tranquebar, determined to find a way for an organically united church which should include the churches of the Episcopal order. Five years later still the Wesleyan Methodists entered the negotiations, so that for half a dozen years or so practically every Protestant body of any importance in South India and Northern Ceylon has been concerned to consummate a genuine organic union of churches. The name to be assumed by the newly created ecclesiastical body will probably be The United Church of South India.

Every difficulty which would arise in North America over an organic union which included Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Episcopalians is being faced in South India. Such hindrances are by no means trivial. They inhere in the differences of attitude and practice which these various groups have developed historically. Their settlement can be achieved only by reasonable compromises. The United Church cannot be a church completely Anglican or Presbyterian or Methodist or Congregational. It must develop a normal Christian fellowship within which Christians of these varieties of training may feel at home. As a matter of fact, the Scheme of Union takes features of excellence from each type of organization. The unity of the Episcopal order, the orderliness of the Presbyterian organization and the Congregational freedom of the individual church in matters of local import—each is happily recognized in the proposed Scheme prepared by the Joint Committee.

The Scheme of Union, after years of consideration, was completed in time to be presented for approval during 1930 to the Anglican Lambeth Conference, to the Wesleyan Methodist General Conference in Great Britain, and to the missionary societies in America, England, Scotland and Switzerland with which the groups already united in the South Indian Church have been connected historically. Lambeth expressed its general approval of the movement and declared that the Church to be formed would not be a new province of the existing Anglican Church of India, Burma, and Ceylon, but an autonomous branch of the Catholic Church in the world, "with a rule and character of its own." The Wesleyan General Conference declared its conviction that organic union (in India) is the will of God and recognized with joy the spirit of the preliminary discussions, authorized its South Indian Provincial Synod to continue negotiations and referred the printed Scheme to a special committee which will report to the Conference of 1931.

The Rev. George Parker of the Travancore Mission of the London Missionary Society and Professor Chelliah were the speakers who introduced the theme of church union in South India at the fifth International Congregational Council at Bournemouth, England, last July. During the subsequent discussion Dr. Jones by his rather sharp rejoinder gave evidence that our Congregational brethren in Great Britain have a background of long-standing religious and social prejudice to reckon with which makes them slow to yoke up with Anglicans. But last November the Joint Committee in India, assisted by a wealth of criticisms and helpful suggestions, made a few modifications in the Scheme

which are said to have removed most of the difficulties which seemed so insurmountable to many both in India and on the various home fields.

The Scheme of Union as proposed is printed in a pamphlet of fifty-nine pages with thirteen more as introduction. Briefly summarized, it aims at a unity by comprehension rather than absorption. It seeks to combine the best elements in the varied forms of church control. It adopts the episcopate as being, all things considered, the form of supervision most congenial to the temperament of South Indian peoples. It insists that the bishops (with the exception, at present writing, of those bishops already in office within the new Church area) shall be elected by their constituencies and shall exercise their spiritual authority under constitutional and organizational restrictions. It declares the new Church to be absolutely free from the control of any civil government or of any other Church, yet desirous of maintaining real fellowship with the Church Universal. It assumes that eventually every active minister within the bounds of the United Church will have been episcopally ordained, but agrees that for the thirty years succeeding the inauguration of the union every unepiscopally ordained minister of the United Church shall be given unquestioned standing as a minister of his section of the new Church, if he is willing to work under the new conditions. Whether such a non-Episcopal minister shall be free to serve in churches normally Episcopalian is still, I think, a matter of discussion. With this possible exception all ministers and all Christians are on a parity.

The Plan of Union in government provides for local church committees, annual Diocesan Councils (made up of the bishop, the ministers of the diocese and lay representatives) and a biennial Synod (including all the bishops of the Church and at least three ministers and three laymen from each Council). The Synod will be the supreme governing and legislative body of the United Church. An Executive Committee, very representatively organized, acts *ad interim*.

Congregationalists in North America will have no quarrel with this Scheme of Union, if assured that it safeguards the reasonable religious freedom of its constituents, both of thought and its expression in worship, the spiritual equality of the ministers and members of the uniting churches, the share of the laity in expressing the life of the new Church and the responsibility of the bishops to the supreme governing body of the Church. We should not only rejoice over its successful completion, but expect to coöperate financially with it in future years, as we have shared with our mission churches of Jaffna and Madura in the past.

The proposed union will be an important step ahead in the progress of Protestant Christianity in India. It will be only a step, since it does not contemplate the union of all non-Roman Catholic groups in South India. But its completion will quite certainly mean an ultimate United Church of all-India. It does substitute a wise nationalistic background and outlook in place of a truly irrelevant denominationalism; it proceeds by an equally wise method of comprehension; and it provides for a reasonable freedom of conscience and of practice in Christian living.

The Scheme of Union is, even so, a great adventure of faith. Not even in Canada have Christian bodies gone so far in attempting the Christian ideal. It can be realized only with a maximum of prayer and patience and perseverance. No one expects that it will get going in less than five years after the date of ratification, which itself may be several years away. Let us all stand by with sympathy during these final months of consideration. Little by little the difficulties which remain are being adjusted to a degree which seems due to the veritable presence of the Spirit of God in the sessions of the Joint Committee. They are all brethren; they represent historic communions which are bent on finding a way of hearty agreement; the differences which seemed like impassable barriers a decade ago seem far less formidable today.

Much will depend in future on the sanity, the friendly brotherliness, the unselfishness and the Christian statesmanship of our Indian brethren on whom must rest the real responsibility for the permanence and fruitfulness of the future Church of Christ in South India. That is why such men as Professor Chelliah should be much in our thoughts and prayers.

FOR THE PROJECT EXHIBIT AT SEATTLE

In connection with the general exhibition at the National Council in Seattle, the Project Secretaries of the Home Boards and the American Board are planning a special Project Exhibit. States, associations and local churches have been asked to participate in this exhibit. Contributions should reach Plymouth Church, Seattle, not later than June 20, addressed to Miss Mary D. Uline.

BLACK SOIL VILLAGERS REBEL

By DOROTHY P. CUSHING

TIRED of being packed like sardines into their small church, the Christians of "Black Soil Village," near Aruppukkotai, India, felt that they had outgrown their accommodations and needed new ones. Furthermore they intended to have them! Cuts and rumors of cuts fell on disappointed but determined ears.

"You can't expect a growing boy to wear a ten-year-old suit all his life," declared Rev. Emmons E. White of Aruppukotai, in describing this delightful incident.

The little group of some 450 Christians at Black Soil Village decided that they needed a church costing $3,640. They expected until recently that two-thirds of the sum would come from American friends who knew their economic situation.

"I had to *un*deceive them." says Mr. White grimly.

But this cold water from America did not deter these Christians. "Anyhow," they declared, "we are GOING to have our church. We are tired of crowding 450 persons into a space that won't hold 200 comfortably even when seated on the floor."

There was a process of readjustment of finances and considerable disputation as to where the new church should be located, but finally it was decided that it be built midway between the two sections of the village where the Christians live.

Then something happened. The bottom fell out of the cotton market the world around. Black Soilers are farmers and gain their livelihood primarily from the raising of cotton. Their income began to shrink and shrink in an alarming manner. Prices, too, went hurtling down. Now all good chairmen of finance committees in American churches or other philanthropic societies know what happens when the stock market blows up. Few think of talking about "building a new church." They advocate a policy of retreat—of retrenchment, technically speaking.

But Black Soil Village Christians hadn't learned that word. They set their teeth and reiterated: "We are going to have our church."

Dr. and Mrs. John J. Banninga and Rev. and Mrs. Emmons White set out, therefore, one fine morning to "talk up subscriptions."

"Do you remember how David brought the Ark of the Covenant from among the Philistines to the city of David with songs and dancing?" asks Mr. White. "Well, one of the Christians who is a carpenter had a new pulpit made, in honor of the start to build the new church, and as soon as we reached the village the people told us to go back the way we had come for a short distance to the Hindu Girls' School building where stood a shiny new pulpit, in order that we might accompany the cart that bore it in triumph to the old church and the morning service."

So back over the rough, stony cart path the missionaries trudged and soon the procession started. On the cart, as a guard of honor, sat two men and two little Indian girls, faces whitened with powder used only on special occasions.

So happy were the two young damosels that they rode in their elevated position on the high, two-wheeled ox-cart, sober with pride and joy. And the missionaries marched on behind the crowd with little "Robin" White astride his Dad's shoulders taking in all there was to see.

"We thought the procession might go the shortest distance between two points," comments Mr. White, "but your Indian loves a celebration and gets his money's worth, so we went in a circle, through the heart of the village and finally arrived at the old church to find it jammed to the doors. It was like breaking the Yale line to get in at all. And then a large number of the leading members sat outside on benches and listened to Dr. Banninga's sermon through the windows."

Then, just as in the days of the Hebrews, the pastor called on the people by families to pledge money or work. Over $600.00 was pledged that day. It may take a few years to raise all the money necessary but the villagers are hard at it. Perhaps help will come from America.

The meeting was over—dinner at the young pastor's had been eaten—a friendly chat concluded, and the missionaries climbed into the Whites' weather-beaten and road-beaten 1926 model Ford and rattled out of the cart path to the main road.

"I cannot convey in my sketch a quarter of the enthusiasm of the occasion," laments Mr. White, "but I have rejoiced to see this spirit, which Nehemiah describes (the people had a mind to work) in many of our villages. It will ultimately lead us to victory. We bespeak your prayers for the spiritual growth of our churches as well as for their material welfare."

HOW WE CAME TOGETHER

A résumé of the uniting of foreign boards, missions and churches of the Congregational and Christian groups

BY WYNN C. FAIRFIELD

THE process of union in the foreign work carried on by the Christian and the Congregational denominations has faced the same difficulties that have been faced in this country and has required the most determined efforts on the part of both to preserve the full contribution of each denomination in the face of numerical disparity. Since it was agreed early in the plans for union that the work under the Christian Foreign Board in Puerto Rico should be united with similar work carried on in that island by the American Missionary Association, the Christian Foreign Board and the American Board have been concerned exclusively with the question of uniting the mission work in Japan alone.

Even this question, however, involved consideration of eight factors instead of two: the two denominations in America, the two mission boards, the two missions in Japan, and, most of all, the two denominations in Japan; for in each case complete or large autonomy in all church matters had been given to the Japanese churches involved, and the primary question was whether the two groups of Japanese churches wished to unite into one body.

While, therefore, the American Board Mission in Japan took steps toward union with both the Christian and the Universalist Missions in Japan in 1928, by inviting them to send fraternal delegates to attend its annual meeting, and at that meeting went on record as being ready to appoint a committee to consider any practical plan of union, it recognized nevertheless that there must be cordial approval on the part of the Japanese churches involved if any union of the missions was to be successful.

Receiving the encouragement of an informal conference of Japanese leaders to go ahead, representatives of the two missions met in Tokyo in February and March, 1929, and agreed upon certain preliminary proposals or principles with regard to such a union. At the annual meeting of the churches of the Christian denomination held on March 28, 1929, after listening to statements from representatives of the Kumiai churches concerning the ideas, ideals and organization of the Kumiai churches, it was voted unanimously to approve in principle union with the Kumiai churches. It was recognized that in so doing, a smaller group of leaders in an intimate circle would naturally merge into a much larger group of leaders and that in general it was likely that the policies of the larger body as to self-support and missionary program would be followed, but the feeling was that in general these policies were so similar and the added strength of a united witness so desirable that personal considerations must be placed in the background.

The Kumiai churches were confronted with a somewhat different problem. The work of the Christian Mission had been begun after the main centers in Japan had already been occupied and so unworked and less promising areas for the development of churches had been deliberately chosen, with consequent slow progress toward self-support. The Kumiai churches beginning, on the other hand, with middle-class and Samurai leadership in the larger centers had from a very early period laid emphasis with increasing success on self-support, so that at this time one half of the churches were fully self-supporting and most of these in addition contributed something to the overhead expenses of the denomination and to helping the aided churches.

The addition of possible financial responsibility for fifteen churches which had been aided by the Christian Mission was not to be lightly assumed. Yet here, too, the desire to go forward in a practical union movement conquered all hesitancy and with safeguards only for a limited period of years, at the annual meeting held in October, 1929, almost three weeks before the Piqua Convention had ratified the Plan of Union in this country, the Kumiai churches voted for union on the general basis of union worked out by a joint committee, and left details to their board of directors.

After an advanced annual meeting of the Christian churches had adopted this basis in January of 1930, the Kumiai Board of Directors on February 24, 1930, passed the final vote to put the union into effect on April 1, 1930, and on that date, even before the American Board had had a chance to approve of the features of the basis of union which concerned it, as requested by its Japan Mission in March, the union of the Japanese churches was fully consummated.

Two months ago I had the privilege of attending one session of the Eastern Japan Association of the Kumiai Churches in which all the former Christian churches are now members, and the process of amalgamation had gone so far that unity of spirit as well as of letter was an established fact. The Missions followed the lead of the Japanese churches and united on the same date, holding their first meeting as a united mission in May of 1930.

The organizations in America were hard put to it to keep up with the pace of the Japanese churches or of the uniting denominations in this country. While conferences of the officers of the two Boards began immediately after the Detroit meeting of 1929 when the plan of union was passed by the Congregationalists, it was March before the officers were ready with concrete proposals for the necessary legal steps in the process of making the American Board the agent of the Christian churches for their foreign mission work. During that period, however, Dr. W. G. Sargent of the Elmwood Christian Church in Providence, Rhode Island, had been sitting with the Prudential Committee of the American Board, and as soon as definite proposals were made, the Prudential Committee adopted them as a basis for discussion with the Foreign Board of the Christian Church. Negotiations proceeded so rapidly that by the end of June, the two Boards were in complete agreement as to further procedure, and the first "Christian" members of the Prudential Committee were elected at the Annual Meeting of the Board at Madison last October.

The main item of financial consideration was the continuance of support for the foreign work of the united denomination on the part of the Christian churches, which were so rapidly uniting with various Congregational state conferences that it was obvious that before many months any sense of separate corporate financial responsibility would be lost. It became clear in the discussions that the fact of union as already practically accomplished must be the basis of all further promotional work and that it must become the aim of the agencies of the united denomination to develop loyalty to the whole Congregational-Christian program rather than to attempt to perpetuate older denominational loyalties for parts of it.

The final agreements therefore, which went into effect on January 1, 1931, when the American Board assumed "responsibility for the administration of the Japan Mission work of the Christian churches and for the promotion of foreign mission interests among the Christian churches in accordance with the existing relations with the Commission on Missions" are based fully on the recognition that while each group assumes full responsibility for liquidating as a group any unpaid obligations previous to that date, hereafter the American Board will look to all the churches of the new denomination for the support of all the work formerly carried by the two denominations, a support that involves not only money but earnest prayer and consecrated lives.

It is an occasion for deep gratitude that in these developments covering two years, on both sides of the Pacific there has been the utmost desire on all sides to understand and make allowance for the difficulties of each other and a cordial feeling of good will and esteem among Japanese and American leaders alike.

THE LIVING GOSPEL

By MARY STAMBAUGH ROBINSON

THE Power of the Living Gospel in an Individual Life has been a real inspiration to me during the past few days, and I should like to share that experience with my friends.

Yesterday a group of us were having tea with Mrs. Hubbard, when Pastor Sun came in. None of us had seen him since the death of his son in Tingchow a little more than a week ago, and I think some of us dreaded the meeting just a little, for our sympathy for the Suns in their bereavement is very deep, and we foreigners, some of us at least, frequently seem tactless and unfeeling when we mean to be most helpful and sympathetic. What could we say to comfort? But Pastor Sun at once put us at ease. His face, usually so jolly, was thin and aged and lined with sorrow, but he had a confident poise and peace that showed his glimpse into "the valley of the shadow" had indeed been without fear, and that he had been comforted. Quietly, and without a trace of bitterness, he told of his son's last hours. This son was the last of seven children, most of whom had died after flowering into youth. Moreover, he was the last of the line, as Mr. Sun has no brothers. An unusually fine lad, with every advantage of education and a Christian home, just entering upon a useful career, married to a splendid girl, and the father of one little daughter—how could they let him go?

"All of us were with Hsi Fu that last day," said Pastor Sun, "and at three o'clock he said that he couldn't see us. When he heard someone weeping in another room, he asked who it was, and on being told that it was his mother, asked for her to return. Then he asked each of us to come near where he could touch us, and after that to kneel and pray. As I prayed, I could hear him murmur an amen after each petition, and at the close of my prayer he himself prayed. I could hear but faintly, 'I beseech thee, O God,' and at the end of his prayer, there came clear and strong—'Amen.' These were his last words. He went quietly and without pain into the world beyond. After we arose from our knees, we looked at his face, and it shone more beautifully than ever in life."

The father's face glowed with the light of peace as he told us, and as I wiped the tears from my

eyes, I was thankful for Pastor Sun and for his triumphant faith. He went on to tell us of the little granddaughter, just two years old, who bows her head and peeps through her hands during grace, who says her own amen at evening prayers, and insists that her mother and grandparents dance with her. As we smiled through our tears, we rejoiced for the child in their midst. We are hoping that the little one to come soon may be a boy to bear the father's name, and carry on the family.

This morning, after the usual church service, Pastor Sun went to the pulpit and again quietly told the congregation of his son's last days. He told us how he had been comforted by Hsi Fu's faith and trust, for several times he had said that his heart was entirely at peace. Hsi Fu told his father that he could hear the voices of his friends and relatives praying for him, even these friends in Paotingfu, and he wished to thank them for their love and prayers.

Pastor Sun is an excellent preacher, but I'm sure he will never preach a better sermon than his calm words of yesterday when he revealed in his own life the Power of a Living Gospel and Triumphant Faith.

THE GOSPEL AND WORLD PEACE

By NELLIE MAY WALKER

Scene: The Brown living-room, somewhere in the U. S. A. Mr. Brown is entertaining the visiting missionary while his wife, who is president of the Ladies' Missionary Society, is getting dinner.

Mr. Brown: I find that my interest in missions is being supplanted by an interest in the World Peace Movement. It seems to me that world peace is the live issue these days. Missions has had its day, and now we must concentrate on the modern movements. That was rather the trend of thought at our last men's meeting at Old First.

Miss Missionary: So? Do you feel that Missions and World Peace are incompatible?

Mr. Brown: Well! not exactly that; but I think Missions must wane while World Peace waxes.

Miss Missionary: Well, of course, I am strong for World Peace, too, but it doesn't seem exactly imminent to me.

Mr. Brown: Of course not, of course not! There is a great deal to be done before it can become a working reality. I don't need to remind you of the tremendous problems which lie in the very fact of many backward and undeveloped races. They're real obstacles.

Miss Missionary: Of course; but what plan are you supporting to bring these people up to the proper levels to make World Peace possible?

Mr. Brown: Why, er—a—

Miss Missionary: It seems to me that is the particular place in which Missions and World Peace have their strongest connection. Missions have been at work on that job in the name of the Prince of Peace for a good many years. They are all organized to continue if—

Mr. Brown (pressing the point): If what?

Miss Missionary: Well, I heard a lecturer—he was speaking on World Peace, by the way—say not long ago that tolerance, just plain tolerance, was devitalizing missionary giving; that people no longer felt it imperative to maintain Missions because they had so much respect for the other fellow's religion, or at least his right to have his own religion; in fact, they almost felt that Missions were an insult to the people to whom they were sent. But I was just about to remark that Missions were organized to continue the elevation of these races by the method of elevating the individual, if continued support by the home churches prevents curtailment of their work.

Mr. Brown: I see! You mean that Missions is such a valuable arm of the World Peace Movement, that, if we are really supporting World Peace, we dare not curtail our missionary giving. I see! You've certainly given me a few pointers. I mean to take the floor at the next men's meeting on the slogan: Missions—an Essential to World Peace.

Mrs. Brown (hurrying in): Can you two interrupt yourselves long enough to come to dinner? Really, Henry, Miss Missionary must be quite tired, after the three talks she gave today.

Mr. Brown: She ought to be quite happy now: she's just made a new convert.

Miss Missionary: Thank you! I am.

THE INDIA GOVERNMENT REPLIES

OUR readers will recall the Keithahn case as presented in the December (1930) number of the MISSIONARY HERALD. Certain questions of fundamental importance affecting the non-British Protestant missionaries in India grew out of the action and statements of the District Magistrate of Madura in relation to Mr. Keithahn and to the Madura Mission.

On March 3 of this year, Secretary William Paton of the International Missionary Council, while in India, addressed a letter on these questions to the Home Department of the Government of India. We quote most of it:

> In a resolution which has been conveyed to you, the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, acting through its Committee of Reference and Council, has asked the International Missionary Council to obtain from Government "a clearer understanding of the status and responsibilities of American missionaries in India in relation to the Government," and an interpretation "of the arrangement with the Government under which the Foreign Missions Conference has been operating in certifying missionaries."
>
> It is essential that the arrangement in question, contained in the document known as Memorandum A* (last edition November 1925, India Office) should be interpreted by Government and by the missionary organizations in the same terms. I will therefore indicate, in relation to certain issues that have arisen, the sense in which the missionary societies understand the Memorandum, and I shall be grateful if I may have the definite assurance that Government accepts this interpretation.
>
> (1) The question has been raised whether, if a case should occur where a non-British missionary is thought to have failed to adhere to the conditions described in Memorandum A* and the undertaking, if any, to which he has subscribed, the matter should not be dealt with by the Provincial Government or higher authority, rather than by the local representative of Government.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> In regard to matters in which a local officer does not act in the ordinary course of the law, we understand that it is open to any missionary organization or any missionary to refer the matter to the Provincial Government.
>
> (2) The question has been raised whether missionary organizations are held responsible for the political attitude of Indian Christians. We recognize that the obligation that a missionary organization should observe the undertakings given as precedent to recognition involves the principle that in regard to activities under the direct control of the organization its agents, whether Indian or foreign, should be deemed to be bound by these undertakings. Apart from this, we understand that the Government has no desire to make missionary organizations responsible for the political views of Indian Christians.
>
> (3) The question has been raised whether the acceptance of Government grants by a missionary organization invalidates the general position above stated. We recognize that the receipt of Government grants must be subject to the rules framed by Provincial Governments covering such grants (rules which naturally apply to all aid-receiving bodies whether missionary or not.) Subject to this consideration, the receipt of grants is not a factor which would involve the application of principles other than those stated in Memorandum A.
>
> It does not imply any obligation actively to share in propaganda in support of Government, though it does involve the obligation that, in accordance with the Memorandum, the influence of a missionary organization, 'in so far as it may properly be exerted in such matters, should be exerted in loyal coöperation with the Government of the country and that it will only employ agents who will work in this spirit.'

* * * * * * *

The reply from the Government of India was written by C. W. Gwynne, Esquire, and is as follows:

> I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 3rd March 1931, relative to the position of non-British missionaries in India under Memorandum A, and to say that the Government of India accept the interpretation set forth in your letter.
>
> The Government of India have noted that you will take steps to ensure that the position is made clear to all recognized missionary societies working in India. The Government of India are, on their own part, taking early action to acquaint local Governments and Administrations with the understanding that has been reached in the matter.

*The Memorandum A referred to is the official British document revised November 1925 which governs the matter of the admission into India of aliens desiring to undertake educational or other philanthropic work in that land.

SIGNIFICANT PICTURES AND POSTERS OF THIS SORT CONSTITUTE A CHALLENGE TO THOSE

Action and reaction are equal in all directions.

An African agitator draws a crowd in a mining compound along the Rand.

And don't forget that Johannesburg draws the good as well as the bad. Here the missionary finds a real job.

WHO WOULD BETTER INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS

THE WORLD'S WORST SLUMS

By A. M. CHIRGWIN

From the Letters to "The Christian World" of the Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society.

ONE of the men who count in Johannesburg is Rev. Ray E. Phillips, of the American Board. He is in charge of their social work all along the Rand, and is one of the live-est wires I have ever met. His work lies among the tens of thousands of natives who work in the gold mines along the reef. He runs cinema shows in the compounds (sixty such every week), social centers and places of recreation and educational classes for the men. I am spending a good deal of time with him, visiting the compounds and the locations, seeing how the native workers live, getting into their houses, asking about their wages, etc.

Most of the natives are unmarried men, recruited from all parts of South Africa and some from Central Africa. Or if they are married, they do not bring their wives with them. All these live in the compounds—vast barracks belonging to the mines. They sleep on shelves or bunks made of concrete, like beds in a hospital ward, only in two tiers, one above the other. These "beds" are sanitary, but hard! Men provide their own blankets or mattresses, if they are luxurious. Two good meals a day of porridge and beans or meat and bread are provided; anything additional they have to provide themselves. They also provide their own clothes; this is a heavy item, as mine work is hard on clothes. For the most part the men sign on for a period of nine months, and then return to their homes. Most of them, after a few months at home, come back again and again for subsequent indentured periods. Nearly a quarter of a million natives pass through the Rand mines every year, coming from a score of different tribes, and at any one moment there are more than half a million here.

There are great numbers of natives who live in Johannesburg permanently, with their families. They have been driven off the land and forced into the towns, where they have to live in the locations. These are dreary areas of corrugated-iron buildings and shanties, with one or perhaps two rooms per family. Since the native family tends to be large, there is chronic overcrowding, and a complete inability to separate the sexes . . .

The South African social problem, constituted by these slums and locations, is probably as bad as anything in the world. South Africa badly needs a "Copec" conference. The Europeans live in their own areas and homes, often very beautiful, and know singularly little about the conditions under which the natives live, and display no desire to know. I have not come across anyone, save Ray Phillips, who has seen as much of Johannesburg's underworld as I have, and I have been here only ten days! . . .

I have just had a day that I shall never forget. I have been out with Ray Phillips and seen the world's worst slums. They are not to be found in the ancient cities of the East or the West, but in this golden city of South Africa which is only forty-four years old. It is the most pitiable, heart-breaking thing I have ever seen. I had a dull pain gnawing at my heart all the time I was walking round. H. A. Grimshaw, of the International Labour Bureau, said that these Johannesburg slums were worse than the notorious "Hell's Hole" in India. Clydeside and the East End are almost places of cleanliness and refinement in comparison. It is appalling to think that the people from the villages of Bechuanaland or Basutoland should be drawn into the cities and sucked into these foul sinks. I can stand a fair amount, but this afternoon I was near the limit: I was sick at heart. And there are people who say that missions spoil the native! How any natives can live clean or honest or sober lives in such dens of degradation I simply do not know.

One of the foulest slums I saw was not ten minutes' walk from my host's house. It is an old yard where tiny corrugated-iron buildings have been built back to back. There are no gardens or yards; there is one tap and one open lavatory, for the whole slum. The street between the houses is about eight or nine feet wide, while each "home" consists of one room about eight feet square. In this single room the whole family live; here they are born and die. (Incidentally, there is only one maternity hospital for natives in Johannesburg and that belongs to the American Board.) All washing of clothes and person and most of the cooking has to be done in the "street." Wet garments hung on strings across the street flap into your face as you try to avoid stepping on the innumerable babies that sprawl on the ground on every side. In order that there may be ventilation, the partitions between the rooms or homes are only carried up about eight feet; the space between that and the roof (there is no ceiling) is open, and every whisper in one home is heard on the other side of the partition, or a light in one prevents the next home having darkness

SPEAKING OF THE GOSPEL AND THE COMMUNITY—NOTE HOW

The Old Tribal Life of the Native People is Fast Disappearing.

Dancing of the Children.

The Olden Days of the Native Folk were well filled with leisure-time activities,

The Hunter.

But the Tribal Pleasures and Pastimes are to-day giving way to Town Life with its . . . .

The War Dances of the Young Men.

Work of all sorts in the Industrial Centres . . . .

Much of it Indoors.

A holiday afternoon.

But no Recreational facilities except the City streets . . . .

And slum yards full of drink . . .

Preparing the deadly "Skokiaan" in a slum yard.

Hiding the prepared drink underground, until customers arrive.

and vicious women.

RAY PHILLIPS AND HIS ASSOCIATES ARE FIGHTING THE DEVIL

BY INTRODUCING CLEAN CONSTRUCTIVE FORCES AND A SPORTS CENTER

Lack of Adequate Recreational Facilities for the Natives Breeds Criminals . . .

Police rounding up Law-breakers in the Native Districts

A Meeting of discontented workers in Johannesburg

And provides audiences for the Agitator.

Cannot something be done to help this situation?

.....

A new organisation, THE BANTU SPORTS CLUB, has moved to remedy matters.

It is preparing a Sports Centre for Natives on the old Jubilee Mine property. Nine acres of land, donated by Messrs. Howard Pim and J. L. Hardy, are being turned into sports fields, for Football, Athletic Sports, Cricket, etc.

Here will centre Athletic Competitions,

Football Competitions.

Cricket Matches.

Other sports will be fostered, such as Hockey, Baseball, Tennis, Etc.

The Deferred Pay Board of Control has contributed £2,000 to this enterprise on behalf of the Native Mine Workers.

The City Council has donated £2,000.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS ARE STILL NEEDED to Complete the Scheme.

This must be provided from the Johannesburg Community.

The Provisional Committee of the Bantu Sports Club is as follows:—

TRUSTEES	CO-OPTED MEMBERS
[illegible]	[illegible]

Send your contribution to the Hon. Treasurers, Messrs. HOWARD PIM & HARDY, P.O. Box 1331, Johannesburg.

THIS ENTERPRISE MERITS THE WHOLEHEARTED SUPPORT OF EVERY CITIZEN OF JOHANNESBURG.

THAT WILL BE LED BY THE BEST MEN IN THE CITY OF JOHANNESBURG

for sleep. And for such a one-roomed "home" a rent of £1 10s. and £1 15s. per month is charged, while for those that have a brick frontage the rent is £2 and £2 2s. That is to say, fully half a man's income goes in rent! And for such a vile habitation! In order to live, all kinds of practices are resorted to—women go out to work, girls sell themselves, and beer is illicitly brewed and sold to the men from the compounds.

A few years ago 77 per cent of the babies born died in the first year, then it dropped to 68 per cent, and last year it improved by dropping still further to 65 per cent. In such slums they are not born but damned into the world. Somehow a third of them live, many illegitimate. . . .

Why don't the natives leave the slums and go back to the land? They cannot, partly because they have become urbanized and de-tribalized, and partly because they have been pushed off the land. Only one-tenth of the land in the Union is available for natives, though they form three-quarters of the population, and it is already overcrowded.

Though I came away sick at heart from the slums, I am not writing without hope. Human nature, I suppose because it is partly divine, is not entirely crushed by these conditions. Few of the men are bitter or really vicious, the women are friendly and smile, and the children trot about and grin at you. Further, there are forces at work like those represented by Miss Maud and Rev. Ray Phillips. The latter has won over the Town Council, the Rotary Club, and the Chamber of Mines to condemn the slums, and slowly they will be wiped out. But it will take time, as there are 45,000 natives living in slum areas in Johannesburg!

GOD IN THE SLUMS

Is a book by Hugh Redwood, distinguished journalist and editor of London.

"IF ever there were a human document, genuine and vivid and moving, we have it here," writes Commander Evangeline Booth in her introduction to the American edition.* "Dickens never envisaged a degradation more appalling, nor St. Augustine or Wesley a redemption of the degraded more completely effective or more divinely lovely. I am not surprised that already Great Britain has bought 120,000 copies of this book, and that from the royal family in the King's palace, to the high churchman, the intelligentsia, and the man in the street, it is being read as the book of the hour."

"We're Slums," said a Salvationist to the author, who, having gone to help in the relief efforts after the Westminster floods, "had come to a place where a man's work was to be done—and found women doing it. And he learned that all these mushroom-hatted women were officers of the Slum Department, who not only worked in the slums, but actually lived in them—two or three to a post, unprotected save by their absolute faith and by the respect and even affection which lives such as theirs will engender in the hearts of the roughest and most degraded of mankind. 'We're Slums!' "

To him was turned over the care of "Dad" while the Captain went in search of "Mother." "Until he saw Dad's better half, the night editor appraised him as the dirtiest human being upon whom he had ever set his eyes. It seemed that, with the loss of what had been their home, he was mortally afraid of being parted from 'Mother'; and search was made for a roof beneath which the two might find a common shelter. While this problem was still unsolved 'Mother' arrived, an ancient of appalling filthiness. Bad news! for the pair of them, together, no room could be found.

" 'Poor old dears,' the Captain protested. 'I'm not going to have them separated. They shall go to the Settlement. Leff (her lieutenant) and I are here for the night, anyway, and they can have our beds.' The editor looked from the Captain and her 'Leff,' clear skinned and neat in spite of all their labors, to Mother and Dad, whose exceeding unwholesomeness obtruded itself on his every perception, and as he looked, the eyes of his understanding were opened, so that about him, plain to the vision on the sodden pavements of Westminster, he saw the footprints of the Divine."

The editor was later enrolled by the slum secretary "as the first lay member of her brigade. She it was who gave him his silver shield; he was formally admitted to big brotherhood. Thereafter he reported for slum duty once a week." Story after story he relates of horrible conditions, frightful experiences, but almost unbelievable heroism, untiring labor and love.

*Fleming Revell Company, $1.25. Incidents and quotations are here telescoped for the sake of brevity.

"It is easy to win the affection of a slum child if one remember that there are tragically few to bid for it. It was a five-year-old boy in Liverpool who told a visitor that he liked coming to the slum-post ''cos they loves a chap.' There is a hunger of the heart that is every bit as bad as stomach hunger and far harder to satisfy. These children know it well, and they quickly get to realize that the love for which their stunted souls cry out is at the back of that undefined difference which makes the slum-post so attractive to them. Recognizing a difference, they long to be different, too, and there is a terrible earnestness—because of all it implies of evil knowledge—about some of the prayers that are sobbed out to the children's Saviour.

"Slum officers are few who have not at some time or other risked their lives in averting crimes of violence. One stops a murder, collects its would-be perpetrator and brings him home, makes tea for him, and then goes out again until the small hours. If you are a slum officer it is just like that. There is a commandant of whom it is said that she has several times been knocked down, and, that, in every case, the assailant has become her convert.

"Officers have been known to return to their quarters after a cleaning-up reeling as they walked from the gassing to which they have been subjected in horrible rooms polluted by unnamable filth. One thinks of these girls, many of them barely out of their teens, sleeping the sleep that is born of a happy weariness, alone and unafraid in their little houses, yet surrounded by all that is wicked, criminal, and unclean. Could any power, short of the supernatural, seek out from the multitude, those whose fitness for service may be discernible to no human eye . . . and make them the agents of astounding transformations in the lives of others?

"This book is made up of hard facts, and the hardest of them is that faith and prayer accomplish miracles today as they always did. There is something taking place in the slums, something slowly gathering force therein, which contains within itself the solvent, not only of the slum problem, but of the world's problem.

"The slum work of the Salvation Army is of moment to the world, not because it proclaims and practices the love of God, but because, in the sum, it proves it."

KAGAWA AND LOVE

By ROBERT MERRILL BARTLETT

SMOKE from a thousand factories hovered over the streets of crowded Osaka. The mighty city lay shrouded in the entanglements of an overwhelming new civilization. It was a rude transplanting to come from the charming countryside of early summer, out of the bamboo forests and luxuriant green woods, into a valley of clattering industry. I soon found myself in a settlement house in a simple, well-equipped community center where I was to see first hand the enterprises of that dynamic figure of Japan, Toyohiko Kagawa.

At the age of forty-three he is perhaps the outstanding spiritual figure among sixty million of his fellows. This versatile leader in the spheres of religion, student life, politics and industry, has found time to write fifty books in the course of twenty years. This startling record is almost unbelievable when one surveys the breadth of their form and message and senses their compelling influence. His first novel, *Before the Dawn,* sold 180,000 copies and made him a world figure. His poems do not follow the usual tradition of the Orient, but are touched with a passion for social reform. His social and religious writings are bound together by his unflagging endeavor to lift the Japanese people to greater happiness.

"How does Kagawa do it?" I asked my friend, one of his disciples, as we sat on a sweet-smelling mat within the busy house. "Is it true that he has given up a fortune, wears these plain cotton suits, and still chooses to live among the slum people?"

"For twenty years now," my friend replied, "he has resisted the literary tradition that would justify him in building a villa and retiring to enjoy the contemplation of poetry, he has refused to enter the Government employ, has rejected the offers of the journalistic world, and has kept on in his simple habits in a Christ-like endeavor to change the life of the exploited masses of the cities. He has become the outstanding spiritual opponent of the rapidly spreading Marxian philosophy in the Orient. His 'Friends of Jesus' movement is the most constructive effort to meet the Soviet idea. Kagawa has said: 'From the beginning I was a socialist, not in the sense of materialism but of spirituality. I like the word Communism, which the Marxian philosophy has monopolized; we must consider the sharing of material things as one element of Christian living. We must go further. If we practice the Sermon on the Mount, we shall have true communism above the humanitarian type; a *giving* communism, not a *robbing* communism. I have no sympathy with any movement based on violence.' "

KAGAWA DICTATING A BOOK

Here my friend launched into a description of Kagawa's gigantic three-year schedule which calls for an address in every town in Japan and the enlistment of one million people in his Christian revolution. He told me how this frail poet who is almost blind with trachoma, suffering with tuberculosis and a half dozen maladies that would conquer the average man, has become the prophetic leader of a great Love Movement which will enlist a million souls in his nation and ultimately spread through all lands, uniting men in a fraternity of brotherhood.

LOVE THE LAW OF LIFE

The bamboo door of the settlement house closed on me, and I went out on to the street clattering with the *geta* of a multitude of factory workers on their way home. I walked through the crowded ways of Osaka with the words ringing in my ears, "Love the law of life"; and the realization surged over me that I had been close to Japan's greatest reformer, in contact with one of the illustrious prophets of this age.

Now that Kagawa's book, *Love the Law of Life,* has been published in America* and he is to come to our country for a series of addresses this summer, the American public should know the highly significant message from this Christian brother in Japan. This book, like others he has written, was dictated during a serious illness. It carries something of that sweeping human passion that can come only from a suffering soul. It reflects the same soul force that we find in Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Rolland. The book begins with this poetic epilogue:

"Ah, this famine of love! How it saddens my soul!
"In city and country, in hospital and factory, in shop and on street, everywhere this dreadful drought of love! The loveless land is more dreary than Sahara and more terrible than Gobi. When the last drop of love has dried away all men will go mad and begin to massacre all who have ever thought of love or appreciated it. Behold them armed with guns, swords, spears, and even ancient maces, hating and suspecting one another!

"But love cannot be born in a day. Therefore the mob chooses the easy way of the sword. Thus humanity is forever being forced to walk on the naked edges of drawn swords. . . . In place of men's swords shall we substitute gold, and try to buy men's souls therewith? What do we see in modern cities? Prostitutes, purveyors of syphilis remedies, alley delinquents, and the police who control them! If these be the stuff that the modern state is made of, then it is next door to hell.

"This famine of love makes me faint and sick.

"I shall dig down deeper, still deeper, into my own soul, and there, in my heart of hearts, shall I find the spring of love which can never be found on the surface. I shall dig down to God who is within me. Then, if I strike the underground stream that murmers softly in the depths of my heart, I will tenderly cherish this oasis of the soul. . . .

"Away, day of mourning! Begone, you sword and gun jugglers! For I must work with God to set up the Kingdom of Love in the earth, where not a single sinner shall be molested, nor a single beggar be despised!"

Kagawa begins with the principle of mutual aid which is prevalent everywhere in the natural world. Plants and animals continually display this spirit of intelligent and willing coöperation. But human love concerns itself with more than self or a limited species. It seeks to aid the foundling, the poor, the exploited. "Love is the new force which amends the cosmos." The lowest level of human love is physical, a reflection through all organisms of the instinct for protection and care. The second level of love is psychic. It is the spark of higher passion, a mental basis for the creation of marriage, home life and the fellowship of men. But the third and final love is based upon conscience. This is the soul activity which discovers the spirit of God not only in one's mind but also in one's neighbor—in the aged, the sick, the crippled, and exploited. In this love based on conscience God works in the life of man and the principle of resurrection and redemption is manifest in the universe.

Kagawa applies the love principle to politics, to the life of nations, to war, and concludes that "love is the fuel of the social system. It is love that warms the world's heart." He has a unique contribution when he deals with modern economics. The people of this century tend to think that economics is a matter of goods and gold. The Japanese prophet declares that people of this faith are as old-fashioned as those who believe that the earth is flat. "Goods do not constitute wealth. Wealth arises where men absorb things. Value does not re-

*By John C. Winston Company, 1929. Price: $2.00.

side in materials. Wealth comes into being where the energy latent in matter is transformed into the strength of men. Wealth is born in human life. Apart from life and energy wealth is non-existent.''

Likewise in marriage and human life, in education, and in all the common relations of society, creative good will based upon the divine conscience of man is the highest motive upon which we can work and the dynamic with which we are to create the new society.

"The cosmos is love in the bud—one vast bud. The great drama is still in progress." And love gives meaning to the rising action. All life is in evolution or creation. Personality is the crown of evolution and its method for creating progress.

"Only in the Temple of Love do I worship God. In groups of working men, at the bedside in the quarantine hospital where the nurses are bravely at work, in the embrace of the loved one, I worship God.

"Love alone introduces me to God. Love is my sanctuary—in factory, field, city street; in bedroom, office, kitchen, sickroom. I have my sanctuary everywhere I go in the universe. Where Love is, there God is.

"No sects there are in Love. Buddhist, Mohammedan, Christian—these are not Love's divisions. Love knows how to embrace, but not to differentiate.

"Love removes all the dross from man, and saves all. Love is the ultimate religion. Classify me not by creed: I belong to nothing but Love. . . . Love is the ultimate revelation, the final sanctuary . . .

"Eternal Love, flow forth! O God within me, clothe Thyself in glory!

"Eternal Love, pour forth! Thou within me, well up!

"O revolution of Love, make ready within! Universal Love, prepare! For the courage of Love must vanquish all that is vicious. Love alone knows justice; Love is the last Arbiter. Prepare ye the way for Love!"

A MODERN MYSTIC AMONG THE MOROS

Dr. Frank Laubach tells why he loves and lifts at Lanao. A study in motive and method in the application of the Gospel to one of our national responsibilities*

THERE were two presses in my old station of Cagayan. I went to get one. That morning the church committee was meeting to decide what they would do with the press; for they wanted the room, and such a serious dispute had arisen over the matter that it was injuring the church. I did not know this, and they did not know I had come for the press. They asked me if I had any suggestions. I replied, ''I have come to see if I could take the press to Lanao.'' ''It is providential!'' they cried. ''You have done far more than you can imagine.''

It worked that way all the way to Dansalan. *God was preparing so many little things, I cannot enumerate them.* One example struck me most forcefully. Leaving the press in a storehouse at the seacoast, I came up to look at the building which we were taking, for the floor was old and the press weighed about a ton. I was puzzling about the matter of permanent underpinnings, and had actually started to cut a hole through the floor, when I examined the shed attached to the house. There I found a *concrete base exactly the right size* for the press. There had been a dynamo on that base many years before, but I had never heard of it. Furthermore, a door at almost exactly the right point made it necessary only to slide the big press from the truck to the concrete base. I needed two blocks of wood for the press to be nailed to. *They were under our house!* I needed to drill holes into them so as to drive them on to the iron posts which stick out of the concrete. I looked into a tool chest in the old house. It contained *but one drill and exactly the right size!* There lay in that shed *only one block of wood, just what I needed* to pound down the timbers on the iron pegs.

So I could write a book about evidences of God working ahead of me this past fortnight.

*From his letters published in the *Argus* of Benton, Pennsylvania.

People who are indoctrinated in the modern theory of the immutable laws of nature will call this superstition. I too spent at least thirty years of my life believing this scientific dogma. But this thing that is happening now contradicts my own theories. God seems to be working ahead of me as though there were no laws which he had to take into consideration. Theories must fit facts. Here is a new fact: **If you lay your life wholly momentarily in the hand of God, and work with Him, He reveals constant proofs that He is working with and around you, paving the way.**

When I showed an American visitor an article I had written about the wonderful way God was walking ahead of me here preparing the way, my friend replied, "American educated people will not take any stock in that. God is not bothering with such trivial things. He is too lofty for trifles. What you thought was God was really your own quickness to see and appropriate opportunities. Some other man who had no interest in God could have come and found buildings and these waiting Moros and done just what you did. Americans will like what you write better if you do not tell them that God is going around interfering with nature for your benefit. For example, that He prepared a concrete base for your printing press twenty years ago, is too much for me. It leaves me cold."

Here I confronted American Christian thought of today; or at least much of it. A few years ago I would have said exactly the same thing. I have said it, I fear, to others who thought they heard God within and saw his hand about them. **America has come to doubt the possibility of God's direct working with or for people.** My friend called all these open doors in Lanao "chance" and "good fortune," and I know how perfectly this reflected the America I have seen for the past three years.

America is wrong. There are Lanaos everywhere for those who are prospering. There is a Lanao in West Virginia, in the slums of New York and Chicago, in starving China, in Africa. **God does call.** But America today does not believe in the call of God, or in the unseen hand of God preparing the way. Exceptions many, praise heaven, but are they exceptions? God, I pray for the richest country in the world; for her soul is slipping away from her. . . .

Why did I start this letter by saying that this was the most glorious hour of my life? Because for the first time in my life I know what I must do off here in lonesome Lanao. I know why God left this aching void, for Himself to fill. Off on this mountain I must do three things:

1. I must pursue this voyage of discovery in quest of God's will. I MUST because the world needs me to do it.

2. I must plunge into mighty experiments in intercessory prayer, to test my hypothesis that God needs my help to do His will for others, and that my prayer releases His power. I MUST be His channel, for the world needs me.

3. I must confront these Moros with a divine love which will speak Christ to them though I never use His name. They must see God in me, and I MUST see God in them. Not to change the *name* of their religion, but to take their hand and say, "Come, let us look for God."

What right then have I or any other person to come here and change the name of these people from Muslim to Christian, unless I lead them to a life fuller of God than they have now? Clearly, clearly, my job here is not to go to the town plaza and make proselytes; it is to LIVE, wrapped in God, trembling to His thoughts, burning with His passion. And that is the best gift *you* can give to your own town. . . .

* * *

And I am busy! For now that the Moros have become fast friends, I have little time to myself. They are here morning, noon, and afternoon—fortunately not yet at night. If it were not raining this afternoon I should have to take this typewriter to some other house and hide if I hoped to finish my letter today. Nearly all the distinguished datos of Lanao are coming to tell me how grateful they are for the work I am trying to do for them. If need may be measured by gratitude, then this is the neediest place I ever saw, for it is the most grateful. "You are the first American who ever tried to appreciate us," is the word they keep repeating at every visit.

And since I have discovered that I can talk religion, and talk it easier than to almost any Protestant or Catholic I know, I miss no opportunity to preach to them. For example, this forenoon after church, when I wanted to sleep for a few minutes, there came a rap at my door and in came three distinguished teachers of Islam, and with them three others. They came, so they said, to pay me a visit on Sunday as all my time was taken during the week and they were afraid I was working too hard. It did not strike them as rather funny to come and waken me from sleep in order to tell me that they were afraid I was working too hard, but I saw the funny side of it, for they were so kindly about it all. They said it was wonderful that though I have been here but six months I have already become "prominent" among the Moros.

This gave me my chance, so I said something like this: "I have no ambition to be a prominent man among you. Life is too short to care about anything so small as honor or wealth. In a very few short years we shall all be gone, and then we must step over into another world where we shall

live for untold ages. The wise man is the man who so lives here that he can face God and say, 'I tried to do thy will.' And so I am spending each day trying to find and to carry out the will of God. I am trying a little experiment with myself, to see how many minutes of the day I can keep my mind on God, and how many minutes of the day I forget Him in spite of myself. . . ." You already know the rest of my story, so I will not repeat it here.

One of those panditas replied: "Any man who tries to do the will of God all the time is not only a good Islam but he is one of the greatest prophets, and he is like Mohammed himself, and when he dies he will be carried up to the seventh heaven." And then he added what to me was the most pathetic word of all, "Although there have been many Americans in this Province, we never heard any of them talk like this before, and so we have decided to make you our leader in religion."

I replied, "I do not want to be your leader in Lanao nor anything but your servant, but what I would like would be for all the people of Lanao to follow the will of God every minute of the day."

"Yes," answered this pandita (priest of Islam), "that is why we love to come and listen to you, because you are giving us the loveliest things from the Koran."

"I have noticed," I said, "that Jesus and Mohammed said the same thing about doing the will of God. I learned these things I have been telling you from Jesus."

Beloved, does it not seem to you that we are getting somewhere when we can have the strong moral backing of all the leading priests and datos in Lanao, and be able to tell them that these ideals are the ideals which I learned from Jesus? Does not this justify the method of approach which we are trying?

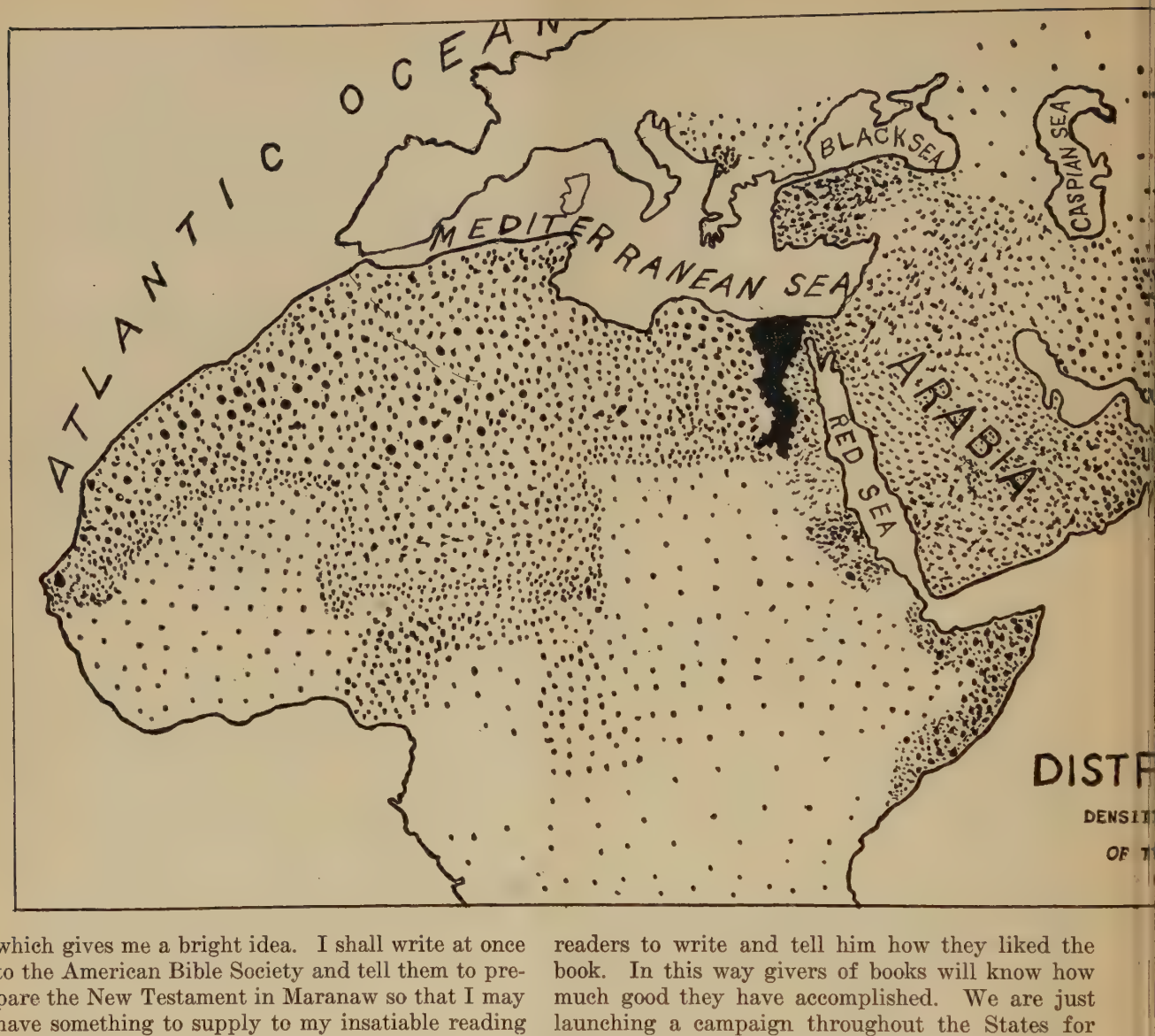
And what to me is the finest thing of all is that when I talk about God and seeking His will in this manner, I get the interest of the Moros, and their faces melt from fierceness or sternness into gentleness and tenderness and love. Indeed, every face I see while talking about this experiment takes on a new kindliness, and interest, which no other subject can elicit.

* * * * *

But let me repeat the thrilling practical experiments which are all being tried at once in this fascinating adventure, in Lanao:

1. A friendly and appreciative approach to Islam with the idea of incorporating as many of the ideals of Christ into the religious life of the people as possible, and of appreciating all the Christ-like ideals which one finds in the Koran.
2. Producing a feeling of friendship between the Filipino Christians and the Moro Moslems.
3. Discovering the hidden literature of the Moro people.
4. Teaching a whole nation to read in Roman letters within five years.

Our problem is now going to be to print enough literature in Maranaw to keep up with the demand. This week a man came and asked whether the next issue of the *Totwl* was out, and when I offered him a back number he said proudly, "I have read all the old ones, and everything else your press has printed in our language." I asked whether there is another press in the world which can boast that anybody has read everything it has turned out. Here we have a good many. But that is not saying very much, for our total output to date is about twenty pages of Maranaw with Roman letters—



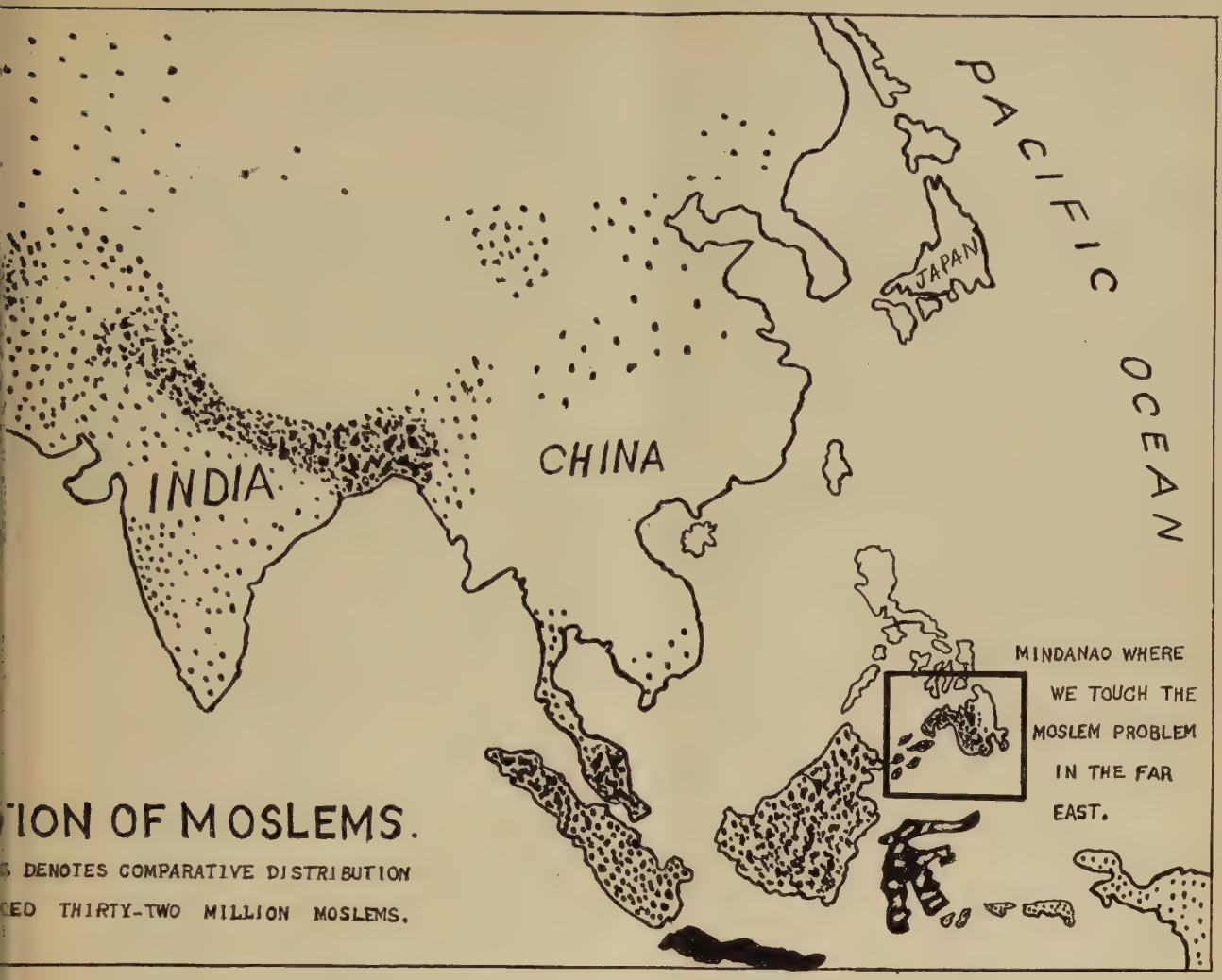
which gives me a bright idea. I shall write at once to the American Bible Society and tell them to prepare the New Testament in Maranaw so that I may have something to supply to my insatiable reading constituency.

Donato Galia has finished a little book on history, written in Maranaw from the Moro viewpoint, and this will be printed as soon as possible. . . . We have offered to print the Koran if they will translate it into Maranaw. It looks now as though we would have to bring the other press, which we bought from Mrs. Yapsutco, over from Cagayan to keep up with this interesting development. The doctors in the Government hospital have agreed to prepare a little booklet on hygiene adaptable to this province, and we will print that too as soon as we can. . . .

We want books from America to translate and use in other ways as well. The good news came some time ago that four boxes of books had been sent by the Upper Montclair church and are now on the way. We are putting little slips of paper in each book, telling who gave it, and asking the readers to write and tell him how they liked the book. In this way givers of books will know how much good they have accomplished. We are just launching a campaign throughout the States for people to give books, and will keep in closer touch with both givers and readers than we could keep before. Many hundreds of books came here while I was still in America, and were distributed without my aid, so that, while they are doubtless doing much good, I do not know where they are. We had not at that time worked out our follow-up plan.

What a tragedy it is that after spending all these long years teaching English to the Filipinos and Moros we give them almost nothing to read, and the prices of books are so high that they cannot afford to buy any excepting Julius Haldeman ten-cent booklets. All this can be changed with the books now available in America. . . .

Suposing you knew a place where that last fine book you put away, probably forever, would be read ten times and some of it even memorized—would you want that book in use? Answers to questions like that test our spiritual stature.



One noble book influencing some unusual young man may start circles which may last long after we are dead. Which book would you MOST wish to have read in the Philippines. Or send us a hundred if you feel they ought to be read here.

* * * * *

I have been trying to teach a boy to read this afternoon, but his mind seems to be like pouring water into a mosquito net. He could not pronounce "i" without forgetting "a." What a tragedy to live in the world he lives in. I felt a warm love for the boy, and he felt it, for his eyes were moist as he told me he had neither father nor mother. At times when one looks out upon life all one sees are wrecks, and in upon life too—wrecks! Ah God, what is all this wreckage for?

I sat leaning upon my typewriter for a long while after that sentence, for a voice began to talk to me. "The wreckage is the birthpangs of love." And when I wanted to put my arm around that dirty cross-eyed orphan Moro with his stupid brain, I was proving that. And when this drunken lieutenant had to stand on the brink of his tragedy before we could grip hands hard and declare without shame that we loved each other, we were illustrating the birthpangs of love.

As I sit over in that old building day after day patiently toiling with one man or boy to teach him the alphabet, and so hold him to a larger world, I often wonder whether this work is becoming a man of my age. But when that same man fondly runs his fingers through my hair and looks his love while he says "Mapia bapa," good uncle, I know that a little love is created.

A beautiful letter came from Professor George A. Coe, expressing deep sympathy with the "experiment." He feels that while the details are different, the main experiment is like that of Brother Lawrence in his "Practicing the Presence of God." Coming as it does from perhaps the foremost psychologist in the realm of religion of the present day, the letter has been mightily heartening. I so long for similar letters from others, showing that they understand and believe in the effort. I feel like a lonesome man climbing an alpine peak—and slipping on the glacier every day.

THE NEW SPANISH REPUBLIC IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION

By WAYNE HEYSER BOWERS

FOR years Spanish evangelicals have been hoping and praying for such a change as has just been made in Spain's government. This does not mean that the monarchy has never treated dissenting faiths with fairness. Much less does it mean that Alfonso XIII has not, on occasions, manifested a liberal spirit toward Protestants in his realm. The lower house in Madrid, while functioning, has also at times gone on record as favoring religious liberty and true freedom of conscience. However, a rapid glance back over Spanish history clearly shows that genuine religious freedom could not be expected under the monarchy without fundamental changes in the constitution and the relation of the official religion with the existing form of government.

Ferdinand and Isabella, the sovereigns whose union began modern Spain, are frequently called "The Catholic Kings," and that phrase, when used alone, is always clearly understood as referring to them specifically. That gives the setting. They understood Catholicism as requiring the expulsion of the Moors, the ruining of many of the fairest and most productive parts of their realm by such expulsion, together with the application of the dreaded Spanish Inquisition, with all its rigors, to dissenters from the official faith among their own Spanish subjects. Catholicism and the Spanish monarchy have always been so closely united that it was useless to expect a really open mind on the part of the sovereigns, or fairness to Protestants in society, business, government, education or any of the ordinary activities of life.

As long as this incubus has weighed so heavily upon Spanish society, as long as the dread of social ostracism, of discrimination in business, of losing friends, influence, position, social standing, even the danger of losing employment, of being ejected from rented houses or apartments, of having their children discriminated against and annoyed in the public schools, to say nothing of far graver abuses, has been such a real and present obstacle, it has naturally been too much to expect that even those whose hearts have been won by the evangelical presentation of Christianity should always be ready to take the open step of joining a religion which was so generally suspected and opposed.

It has been a commonplace of evangelical thinking, that in the day when all that terror and apprehension would be removed, by radical separation of church and state, carried out with thoroughness in religion, education, society and everywhere, in that day a very considerable number of people would begin to show their real preference in religion, and would openly affiliate themselves with the Protestant movement.

Of course there have been thousands who have braved all those dangers and have already taken that step. Protestant communicants in Spain at this time number between five and ten thousand, and "adherents" surely four or five times that figure. The story of their sufferings and heroism would fill many a volume. There is no space for that here. It is mentioned merely to show that missionary work has been carried on with patience and persistence, against heavy obstacles and discouragements, and that it has not only brought many individuals to happiness and religion, but that it has had its unmeasured and unestimated, but none the less real, influence on general public opinion, in the minds of thousands who have not yet become evangelicals but who recognize the attractiveness of the evangelical position, and who are fully prepared to grant it the greatest liberty, when possible.

The political parties of the "left" have in recent years always included the separation of church and state, together with entire religious liberty, in their platforms. When in power, they have not carried out their proposed reforms, on account of the overwhelming power of Catholicism, its entrenched position, and the persistence of the monarchy. However, in the last two or three years it has been noted that those planks in the liberal platforms have been more open and positive in their scope. The new republic was hardly three days old until the subject began to be mentioned, a fact which clearly shows how much importance has been attached to the matter in recent years.

Among the annoying and vexatious practices carried on hitherto by the official religion, and which it is proposed more specifically now to abolish, are the following:

With relation to *burial places*. A very few Spanish cities have cemeteries not under the control of Catholicism, where no difficulty or annoyance is experienced by Protestants. But the great, the overwhelming majority of towns and villages have no such places, and when it is desired to bury the dead with evangelical rites, or simply without any Catholic rites, untold annoyance and pressure is brought to bear upon such people to force them to

employ priests and thus give the impression of having recanted at their last hour and returned to the official religion. Many pages would be required to elucidate this matter fully. Complete secularization of all burial places is firmly demanded now by all liberal thinking.

With relation to *marriages.* "Civil" marriage exists and is recognized by law. In theory, the wedding before a magistrate is the only binding one; after which, if desired, the parties can have their union "blessed" by a minister of religion. But in practice, outside a few large cities where an occasional liberal-minded magistrate may be found who will perform a civil ceremony when asked, and in a dignified and respectful manner, whenever evangelicals ask for a civil marriage they are met by all sorts of delay, annoyance, impossible requirements and even insult, designed to force them to employ a priest. It is now proposed to end all that sort of thing by making civil marriage the standard, and forcing all magistrates to comply with the law. This does not, of course, mean that religion is to have no part in the matter, but that the legal aspect of it, like the simple securing of a license in America, shall be free from annoyance and open to all.

With relation to *public education.* Theoretically, there is not supposed to be any discrimination between children of evangelicals and children of Catholics, but in practice there is great difference. It all centers about the teaching of the Roman catechism, which is obligatory. A Protestant child can easily learn by memory the questions there asked, and repeat them in a mechanical way, but if asked whether he really believes it, and if the answer is negative, trouble begins and never ends until the child is harried out of the school. It is practically useless for evangelicals to apply for teaching positions, for the same reasons. The normal schools naturally have a rigid examination in Catholic doctrine. A few tactful individuals have managed to pass through all the immense difficulties and even to secure employment, but it has not been lasting, nor pleasant enough to warrant continuance in such employment.

With the relation to the *army and navy.* There are many occasions upon which soldiers are commanded, as part of military discipline and public acts, to participate in open-air masses and other Catholic ceremonies. This included kneeling before the "host" (the bread of the communion service), and similar observances, repugnant to evangelical consciences. To the credit of the late King Alfonso be it said, that some years ago, upon the presentation of a test case, that of an evangelical sailor who refused to kneel on such an occasion, on religious grounds, and who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment therefor, when the matter was carried to Madrid, he issued a royal decree to the effect that a soldier or sailor who clearly stated on his enlistment papers that he was not Catholic, would be excused from such ceremonies. This has helped a little, but as many of the recruits are intimidated when signing up their first papers, and hesitate to insist on the proper entries being made, many abuses are still practiced. Some men high in military rank have been demoted and jailed for insisting upon their rights in this respect.

The foregoing concrete matters will perhaps afford an idea of the extent to which a thorough change is necessary, not only in them, but in many other abuses which are none the less annoying and exasperating because they are more hidden and dangerous.

Surely it will be seen at once, that the steady persistent and brave struggle of evangelicals through a period of sixty years, insisting upon their rights and suffering for their convictions, and letting their light be seen of men, must have had a tremendous influence in getting these facts into the public conscience, of opening men's eyes everywhere to the conditions, and of preparing the nation for a more liberal stand on the entire question.

Take for instance one of the most colorful men in the new cabinet, Indalecio Prieto, the secretary of the treasury. Prieto was born in Bilbao, the rich industrial city of the Biscay coast. Of a poor family, he sold newspapers on the streets and made his first start in a newspaper office. His only schooling was several years in the day schools of the Congregational mission in that city, where among other subjects he was taught the Bible and formed lasting friendships with the pastor, José Marqués, and his son Elías Marqués, the latter now pastor of the Congregational mission church in the city of Santander. Prieto never became a declared Protestant, but his sympathies have always been with evangelicals. Rising rapidly in influence, through a naturally gifted mind and steady application, and affiliating himself with the Socialistic party, he was elected representative to the lower house in Madrid, several times, against the strong opposition of the clericals in the heavily clerical Bilbao district, the strongest Jesuit district of Spain. What carried him in was the industrial vote, from the shipyards and iron mines of the province.

Prieto has spoken boldly of the necessity of complete liberty of conscience and religion, and has, as editor of the Bilbao *Liberal,* written many articles on the subject, and also published many other articles, a few by the writer of this sketch, along religious lines. He is a personal friend of the writer. Recently banished from Spain by the dictatorship and living in France, he and two friends, also ministers in the new cabinet, returned into Spain, crossing the frontier at the same moment in which

the former royal family was leaving the country, at Irun. While Prieto can hardly be expected to be extremely well versed in the intricacies of modern finance, he is keen enough to learn, and will surely be a stout champion of liberty of conscience as long as he is affiliated with the government. Observe that he is a product of a mission school in Bilbao!

The Republican cabinet has wisely determined that the question of the complete separation of church and state be postponed until a duly elected parliament is functioning, and in position to consider the matter with calmness. However, there can be little doubt as to the outcome. As has been done in almost all the South American republics, the subvention from national funds for the official religion will be gradually withdrawn, it is to be supposed, and unusual privileges abolished. A tremendous struggle will be made to avoid this, of course, and the official religion has many friends and enjoys a tremendously entrenched position. But if the republic holds together and succeeds the outcome is inevitable.

Whether that will mean an immediate and considerable increase in the number of evangelicals cannot be safely predicted, but surely can be hoped and prayed for. With the fear removed, the obstacles withdrawn, and the way opened, surely many of the thousand Nicodemuses in Spain will no longer hesitate. This is the time of all times to be on the alert and to be ready for positive advances in evangelical missionary work.

APPORTIONMENT RECEIPTS

For January, February, March, April, 1931

By SECRETARY MERRILL

	1931	*1930*	*Gain*	*Loss*
American Board	$138,837	$154,712		$15,875
Home Boards				
Am. Miss. Assn.	$26,684	$32,691		$6,007
Extension Bds.	45,726	55,808		10,082
Ministerial Bds.	21,417*	24,903**		3,486
Edn. & Foundation	16,895	22,165		5,270
Federal Council	582	751		169
	$111,304	$136,318		$25,014
State Conferences and Home Missionary Societies	$112,863	$128,849		$15,986
Total	$363,004	$419,879		$56,875
Loss				$56,875

*Includes $2,542 reported by three states for 1931, used by their own Boards for Ministerial Relief.

**Includes $3,962 reported by four states for 1930, used by their own Boards for Ministerial Relief.

COMMENT

Figures for the same period in previous years are pertinent: 1927, loss $80,067; 1928, gain $22,119; 1929, loss $11,025; 1930, gain $25,643. If one is seeking to lessen the sense of loss for this year, he may take into account the fact that in the 1930 figure there is included the amount received by the Home Boards in response to their four-fold appeal, totalling $12,760. This is not included in this year's figure, except for $4,567 which one Home Board received in response to an appeal to individuals. Moreover in the 1930 figures is included a considerable gain which was made in response to a special effort in one state in April for State Work. If these deductions were made the loss might be brought down to approximately $37,000. For State Work, 12 states lost and 7 gained. As suggested above, if the large loss of $11,738 in a single state were omitted, the loss for State Work would be $4,248.

It is natural to say that a loss was to be expected and perhaps as much as indicated above. No slump is indicated, nor is there reason for essential discouragement. At the same time here is an enterprise that ought not to be set back, especially in a year of financial depression. There are resources sufficient in our churches so that it need not be set back. State leaders, church leaders, and above all, individuals, must take particular measures suited to this particular year. Let each church treasurer see that a due proportion of the church's financial missionary undertaking goes forward each month or each quarter. He can only do this as the individuals in his church make it possible. "I am but one, but I am one. What I can do I ought to do; and what I ought to do, in the strength of God I will do."

THIS IS STATION A B C F M

DOROTHY P. CUSHING ANNOUNCING

And Then
She Woke Up

The little lady doctor at Lintsing, North China, otherwise known as **Alma Cooke, M.D.** (Oregon Project), head of the Elizabeth Memorial Hospital, had been very ill. For days delirium gripped her. Her friends were amazed, when she became better, to have her declare that most of her hallucinations were far from troublesome! It seems that Dr. Cooke dreamed that she had come into possession of $3,500 (gold) per month as income. She had immediately proceeded to endow the hospital to the tune of $10,000 (Mex.) a year; build a much needed new men's ward; buy an automobile for the Station and endow it for running and up-keep; plan a trip home for herself to recuperate (and for Grace Breck who had watched over her during her sickness), and give to all her other friends the things they most wanted, AND THEN SHE WOKE UP! "It was quite a shock," she writes, "to awake one morning and find it all a dream."

Merrymaking—
Mudless

Sports ranging from three-legged races to obstacle contests, from which the participants emerged wet, dirty and plentifully daubed with colored powder, took the place this year in the Criminal Tribes Settlement at Sholapur, India, of the "holi" or "shimga" (Hindu festivals), during which an orgy of drinking, immorality, and literal mud throwing used to be the order of the day. Rev. Stephen P. Hieb reports that while this does not signify a complete reformation of the "Crims," it is most assuredly a long step in the right direction. Even the Bhats built their customary cow-dung fire, about which they danced merrily, with no grave disorder during the entire evening—another unique experience.

Appreciation

"Your daughter is a fine girl. We appreciate having her here with us," said Miss Anne E. Gordon to the father of a student in the preparatory department of the American College for Girls in Athens, Greece. "But," replied the father, "it is your school which develops our daughters! *I* congratulate *you* on the school!" An Armenian graduate of the school last year returned from the beautiful new Greek Hospital to show the uniform and cap which she had earned. In spite of the fact that all the lessons were in Greek, she has led the young nurses there.

Plucky

With 108 members, only three of whom earn more than $50 a month, and the majority of whom live on $30, a plucky little church in the country section near Seoul, Korea, is making a brave stand, according to reports from Mrs. Harriet Mead Woodard (Mrs. William P.), newly arrived in Seoul from Sapporo, Japan. The lease on this church's land has run out, and the people are being forced to buy land and rebuild their edifice. They have been having sunrise services every Sunday, praying for guidance in this problem.

One Forgets
Inconveniences

A crudely woven blanket weighing forty or so pounds for a covering, and a board laid on wooden horses for a bed, are considered minor details in Bulgarian villages where soggy black bread, beans, and a few other vegetables form the diet of people who spin their own clothing by hand and light their little oil lamps by holding a coal from the fire against the wicks and blowing it into a flame to save matches. But these inconveniences mean nothing to the visiting missionary when he is able to preach in a crowded room to attentive groups and number at times among his new followers of the Way some of those who, prior to their reformation, were the village's worst citizens. "Now their faces shine with faith and hope in Christ," writes W. C. Cooper from Philipoppolis, Bulgaria. Almost every family in a certain village has a Bible and religion is the general topic of conversation in the coffee shops and reading room. "It is a joy to work among these people," Mr. Cooper adds, "one forgets inconveniences when one sees people hungry for the message of Christ."

Mexican Protestants
Not "Made in America"

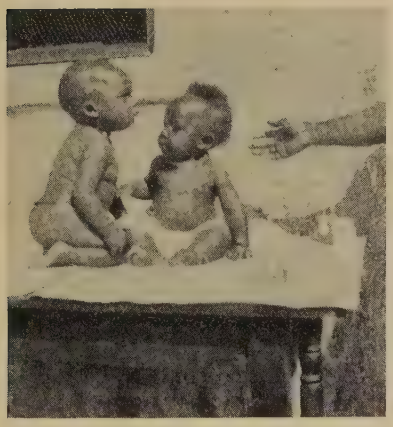
Spurred on by the unjust accusation that Protestantism in Mexico is "made in America," and that "all Protestants are traitors to their country," Mexican evangelical Christians are rising to this testing in "magnificent fashion," declares Dr. Harry P. Leach of El Instituto Mejicano de Estudios Superiores, the new name of the Union Seminary at Mexico City, Mexico, which means "The Mexican Institute of Higher Learning." The evangelical movement in Mexico is something to be reckoned with, in his opinion, because as fine a group of Christian statesmen is there as can be found in all Latin America.

THE EYES HAVE IT

Station A. B. C. F. M. *Television Department*

BABIES BASUTO AND ZULU—A PLAY IN THREE PARTS

Screened under the personal direction of Ruth C. Cowles, R.N. (on furlough in America this July) at the Health Clinic in Johannesburg, South Africa.



Basuto and Zulu have a small argument but the hand of peace intervenes. AND

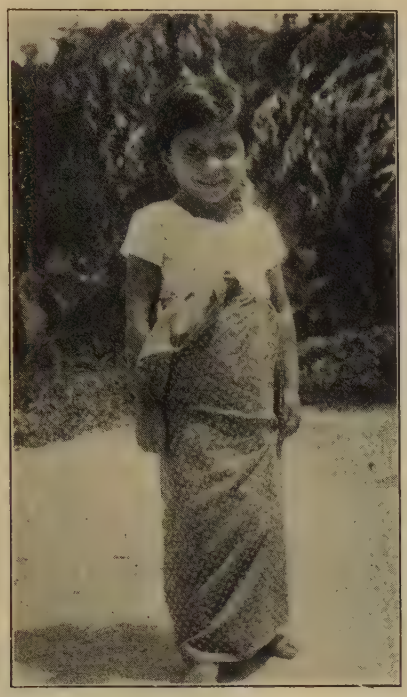
Alice, belligerent Basuto, says to Simon, "Aw, you know I was only fooling!" BUT

Simon, after Alice departs meditates deeply on temperamental "wimmen."

Nurse Gertrude Kellogg of Fenchow Hospital, North China, talks it over with one of her small patients.

TWO OF A KIND—at least in appealing qualities—Nurse Florence L. Fox of Cagayan Hospital, Philippines, has her hands full.

LITTLE LADY INDIA



Petite, demure—a potential leader of India's emancipated womanhood.

A REAL MISSIONARY TAKES SOME "REEL" LIFE

Rev. Paul E. Nilson of Talas, Turkey, uses movie camera in Adana to capture a bit of action for American friends.

THIS AND THAT—old and new in Turkey, a Hoja, Moslem religious teacher, in costume so familiar a few years ago, and his motherless child in modern dress.

"RIDE A WHITE HORSE"

"Fine looking . . . neither smokes nor drinks . . ." says Miss Alice P. Adams, honored by an audience with His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, seen here on a white mount furnished him during his visit to Okayama.

FEAR!

"O-O-o-o- Please don't take my picture!
I'll die before night if you do."

FAITH

"Well, if YOU say it's all right, I'm not afraid. Yes, I'll smile! Is this O.K.?"

FINIS

"Good-bye, folks!"

This little duck boy of Fukien Province, China, is but one of thousands of boys and girls taken from school as soon as they are large enough to "tend little ducks." School costs money and children are cheaper as labor than adults, says Rev. Arthur O. Rinden, of Ingtai, who took these pictures. This yongster had never had his picture taken before and he was rigid with terror. Look at his eyes! He believed in the superstition that if he had his picture taken in the morning he would die by nighttime. Reassured by Mr. Rinden, however, the fear faded to a charming smile. Life doesn't hold out much promise for this bright little chap with his ragged bamboo hat and red stomach warmer. Sans pants, too, for who wants to wear pants when wading in the cold rice water after delinquent ducks?

THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT

A Tribute to a Beautiful Christian Woman

By MARGARET STANLEY WELLES

ONE night in a quiet old town in Connecticut I was startled out of a deep sleep by a sound so unearthly and so menacing as to fill me with a strange dread. Leaning forward in a kind of daze, I could see from the window a sight which strikes terror to the human heart—flames leaping up into the blackness of the night! Over beyond those trees somewhere, fire, that great demon of destruction, was at its deadly work. Was there not something I could do? Did others watching from their windows feel as helpless as I? Were some not acting? The question had hardly asked itself before it was answered. The last echoes of the ghostly wail of the siren had but just died away when there came the sound of hurried movement abroad in the town—cars racing by, voices calling, an engine pumping somewhere in the distance. On and on whirred the engine, maddening the senses! Up and up flew the sparks! The whole northern sky was alight.

Then suddenly out upon that black night of turbulence and terror rang forth a sound so sweet and so sonorous that the wild excitement within my breast was stilled in one brief moment. The village church-bell striking the hour! Two notes only, but so solemn and so calming that it was as if God Himself had spoken. They seemed to say that God was there in the midst of the confusion and destruction and that I need have no fear, no terrors, no dismay. God knew, but was still the God of Peace who reigneth over all.

What sweeter service could that bell have rendered at that awful hour? Would it have availed more to have sounded out a wild note of warning and with a harsh clanging to have added to the fear and anxiety in men's hearts? Far, far better to ring out in accents true to its own nature and to instill calmness into men's breasts at an hour when they needed it most.

As I lay there watching the light grow fainter and listening to the sounds dying away, my thoughts turned to people I knew who were like that bell, people whose souls speak of God in the midst of the confusion of this earthly life. I thought of one such lovely person whom I had left behind me in India, an Indian woman whose very presence is a blessing. In an atmosphere of discord and distress she keeps her peace, in sorrow she holds her faith, and in joy she shines forth her radiance. We cannot know, we can only guess, how life must crush her down at times, how it must jangle and jar. We only know that the note which she sounds forth is ever sweet and calm. Sorrows and burdens have been hers in full measure, dark nights of anxiety have often encompassed her about, but there are no discordant harmonies in her voice, no wild clamor to add to the tempest in men's hearts. Serene among quarrels and misunderstandings she speaks the word of peace which comforts, strengthens, and sustains. No harsh admonitions or bitter denunciations does she ever utter against her fellow-beings, no cries of despair against her God. With not a wavering or a false note, she speaks full and clear her faith in God and God's goodness to His children. What higher, sweeter service could she render?

Mrs. Ushabai Modak

In the weary days of sickness before I sailed away from India, she came and sat beside my bed and spoke gentle words of peace. Long and lovingly she talked, but never a word about her own perplexities and worries. There were words of hope for me, of the joys that lay ahead in new health and new life and in the reunion with loving friends soon to be had in America. There should be no regret in my heart for what had come to pass, she told me; it was all in God's plan and I should rejoice over what He had allowed me to do in India and should believe that He now had another work for me elsewhere. She told me stories of poor old Hindu women whom she had known and befriended when their own caste had turned against them. "How thankful I am to God for all that He has done for me," she said. "I have always had a roof over my head, a garment on my body, enough to eat, and a loving family around me, and I know that He will always care for me."

In the prayer which she made as she rose to leave were only beautiful words of gratitude to our Father for His kindness in the past and of trust for whatever He might have in store for the future. She left me, and a great peace came into my heart.

Both voices have spoken to me in the night, one an earthly night, the other a night of the spirit; one a night of physical alarm, the other a night of sadness of the soul; and in my heart forever through the years will ring the sweet echoes of their message of peace.

"THE FARMER MISSIONARY"

By RUTH ISABEL SEABURY

"FARMER MISSIONARY," we quote from one of the newest books of biography, is a significant title, for in 1931–32 all the churches in America are going to follow the admonition of the Jerusalem Conference in 1928, and "concentrate on the country people around the world." There are, roughly speaking, a billion of them. Something like a half of the population of this world makes its living from the soil. It should be an interesting human subject, and it is, to judge by the first samples off the press. Any missionary committee planning this year's work will certainly wish to take account of the new material. The church that does not provide some reading plan whereby these fine books are made available for the whole group in the church will be "losing out" on a good thing.

THE RURAL BILLION by Charles M. McConnell, professor of town and country church, Boston University School of Theology and Newton Theological Institution, is an exceptionally well written, challenging, inspirational, and at the same time meaty little book, presenting to us these billion farmer folks. It is a unique book. As someone has said, "it breathes of the soil," but still more, it gives you vital, interesting personalities who are helping to remake rural life the world around.

Read the book for yourself, and challenge your best thinkers and workers to read it, too. This book was planned for young people but then it seemed a shame to have the adults miss it, so it is being offered with separate program suggestions for adults and young people. Price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 60 cents.

Roy Burt of the Methodist Department of Education, has written a splendid young people's course based on it and other sources, and Ralph Adams, a leaders' course for adults. The former is 50 cents and the latter 25 cents. There will be programs for women's groups based on this same book in combination with Mrs. Platt's mentioned below.

CHRIST COMES TO THE VILLAGE, edited by our own Mary Schauffler Platt, author of many books, herself a missionary, the daughter of missionaries, the wife of a missionary, and the mother of a missionary. This book has been planned for the consideration and study of women's groups. It is a collection written by a number of different authors, each one presenting some separate theme in connection with rural life. The book closes with a splendid chapter by E. Stanley Jones, as a challenge to the women of the world. This will make an excellent book for reading and devotional material as also for class work in women's organizations. Price: cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents. There will be Helps on it offered later, and programs in the Envelope Series for September based on this book, in combination with "The Rural Billion."

TREASURES IN THE EARTH, by Fred Hamlin, journalist and traveler, is a book of fascinating stories, pronounced by one of our Congregational leaders as "the best yet." It is just the set

of biographical sketches that we have wanted for some time, bringing the farmer folk, missionaries and nationals, as real people indeed, before the young people of America. Adults will want it too, but it is written for intermediates. Price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 75 cents.

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WHEAT MAGIC, a Friendship Press course for juniors by Marguerite Harmon Bro, Ruth E. Murphy, and others, contains stories of farmer life, with practical suggestions for leaders, background material, activities, enterprises—all of it the result of experimental work carried on with several different groups throughout this past year. It is excellent material for all sorts of junior groups. Price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 75 cents.

No use of this book however, will be complete unless the children have available as a reading book

OPEN WINDOWS, by Mary Entwistle, another book of stories by this well-loved writer for children. Price: cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Similarly in the Primary Department, every leader will wish

THE FRIENDLY FARMERS, by Gertrude Chandler Warner and Elizabeth Harris, containing stories, teaching procedure, background material, activities, and so forth, in a combination of both Home and Foreign material. Price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 75 cents.

This book also has its reading accompaniment in

THE WORLD ON A FARM, by the author of "The World in a Barn," Gertrude Chandler Warner. This is a book of stories with illustrations bound to warm the heart of any primary child. It gives the adventures of the friendly farmers of Pleasant Valley Farm. Price: cloth, $1.00.

There are luxuries too numerous to mention, including a picture map of the world, picture sheets, teaching pictures of rural life, friendship paper dolls, and so forth. For a description of all of these and a general suggestion for the church missionary committee and its year's work, see the September number of the Envelope Series. Someone has said of the Envelope Series "This is the best supply of material for nothing that the world has ever seen." Subscription price, four issues a year, ten cents. Send in your subscription soon if we do not already have it.

Have you a bookshelf in your church, or a reading committee? These are the days of many books, of monthly books, and book clubs. People are reading, and here in this article we have offered you riches that your church cannot afford to miss.

THE ROLL CALL

By GRACE H. KNAPP

Place: The clubroom in Seattle of the Order of the Oregon Trail. From its windows may be seen Mt. Rainier, solitary and majestic. On its walls are the portraits of the founders and charter members of the Order: Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, Samuel Parker, Cushing and Myra Eells, Henry and Eliza Spalding, Elkanah and Mary Walker, William and Mary Gray, Cornelia and Statira Rogers. There are thirty-two members present.

Time: A few weeks before the meeting in Seattle, Washington, of the National Council of Congregational Churches.

The chairman and secretary take their places, and the chairman raps for attention.

Chairman: Will the members please take their seats. This meeting has been called for the purpose of discussing the manner in which we may help the Missionary Herald promote a New Oregon Trail Travel Tour. In answering the roll call will each of you give some account of your training and your work to show how you qualify as members of the Order and as guides for the tour in your various fields. The secretary will now call the roll.

Secretary: Miss Nellie Walker of Foochow, China.

Miss Walker: I feel that I am doubly a member of the Order, for I not only was born in Oregon, but I possess grandparents who followed the example of the charter members of the Order in working as missionaries among the American Indians. I also studied at Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon. I will not *talk* of my work in the Wenshan School, for I have *written* about it for you.

Secretary: Miss Margaret Hinman of Smyrna, Turkey.

Miss Hinman: My grandfather, with whom I have had my home for most of my life, was a friend and associate of Dr. Marcus Whitman. He was for over thirty years a trustee of Pacific University, of which I am an alumna. I was born in Forest Grove. Having been a term teacher since 1919 in the schools at Merzifoun and Brousa and in the American Collegiate Institute at Smyrna, I am to go back to Turkey under permanent appointment as a missionary of the American Board.

Secretary: Mrs. Duane V. Waln of Chilesso, West Africa.

Mrs. Waln: I was Marian Ingram, was born in Oregon, had my business training there and three years of business experience before I married Duane. Three years later we went to Africa with our junior partner. Junior has a little brother now, and with the care of two babies and the study of Umbundu, my time is pretty full. How I combined the two tasks last February I have written out for you.

Secretary: Miss Minnie A. Tontz of Chikore, East Africa.

Miss Tontz: I'm a native of Illinois and an alumna of an Ohio college—Oberlin. But after a term in Africa I felt the need of an R.N. in addition to my B.A. and went to Oregon to get it. And, let me tell you, that R.N. means *work,* and *work,* and *work* in Chikore, for in Africa a nurse half the time has a doctor's responsibilities in addition to her own.

Secretary: Miss Valley L. Nelson of Lintsing, China.

Miss Nelson: I'm right with Miss Tontz on the matter of a nurse's *work.* However, I'm blessed in this advantage: I'm in a perfectly good American mission hospital under two perfectly fine American missionary doctors—Alma Cooke and Hugh Robinson. I'm a Kansas girl, but I'm an R.N. of Washington University and the Seattle General Hospital.

Secretary: Dr. and Mrs. H. Veazie Markham of Dondi, West Africa.

Mrs. Markham: Speak of coincidences! I too am an R.N. of Washington University. *And* a Kansas girl like Miss Nelson, into the bargain. My husband, though he wasn't *born* in Kansas, is the next best thing—a graduate of Washburn College in Topeka. But we were both graduated from Washington University in 1926, three years after Miss Nelson was. Now he's doctoring in West Africa, and I'm caring for two babies of my own, and nursing on the side.

Secretary: Mrs. Merrill N. Isely of Gaziantep, Turkey.

Mrs. Isely: Like Miss Nelson and Mrs. Markham, I am a Kansas girl, and I, too, studied nursing in Washington University, though only for one year. My husband is doing agricultural work in our Turkey field.

Secretary: Miss Alice E. Gwinn of Kyoto, Japan.

Miss Gwinn: Here's another University of Washington girl for you! But I studied in a normal school, too, and at the Kennedy School of Missions and the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy. After all that, oughtn't I to make a go of my job of teaching at Doshisha, *the* Christian university of Japan? It's a great job, too!

Secretary: Rev. James K. Lyman of Marash, Turkey.

Mr. Lyman: My home is in Dayton, Washington; I attended Whitman Academy and Whitman College in Oregon and was student secretary for Oregon of the Y.M.C.A. before I went to Turkey. But I married a Massachusetts girl—Bessie Hardy of Whately. I don't need to speak about our work in Turkey now for we have been on furlough this past year, and I have done a lot of speaking in the Northwest.

Secretary: Mrs. Harold Robinson of Paotingfu, China.

Mrs. Robinson: I too am a graduate of Whitman College, though my home was in Washington and I attended its State Normal School. And *where* do you suppose I met my husband, who, like Mrs. Lyman, had his home on the other side of the United States? In Honolulu, Hawaii, where we both taught school! I don't really need to tell you about our work in Paotingfu, for you have there *The Chinese Chimes,* of which he is the editor and I the "busy manager."

Secretary: Rev. Clifford Manshardt, Ph.D. of Bombay, India.

Dr. Manshardt: I was born in Albany, Oregon; my father was a home missionary in that state. But I took my Bachelor's degree from the University of Chicago, and, after returning from my service with the A.E.F. in France, my Master's and Doctor's degree there. I need say nothing about my work as director of the Nagpada Neighborhood House in Bombay, for Dr. Kenyon Butterfield had an article about it in the January MISSIONARY HERALD, and I can also refer you to *Bombay Today and Tomorrow,* which I edited and which was reviewed in the same number.

Secretary: Rev. James H. Dickson of Pasumalai, India.

Mr. Dickson: I too was born in Oregon—in Portland—attending first the schools there, though, like Dr. Manshardt, I took my degrees—in Arts and in Science—in a Middle Western state—at the University of Michigan. After twenty years in Ceylon, I joined the Madura Mission in 1920 and am principal of the Trade School in Pasumalai and supervisor of building construction.

Secretary: Mr. and Mrs. Wathen L. Kincheloe.

Mr. Kincheloe: My wife and I met at State College, Washington, though I was from Kentucky and she from Indiana. I took my B.S. in Agriculture; taught it, and practised farming, while she taught Indians for a year. Now I am teaching agriculture in Mt. Silinda Institute in East Africa, and my wife has her own "three little Indians" to bring up.

Secretary: Mrs. Merlin W. Ennis of Sachikela, West Africa.

Mrs. Ennis: I was graduated from the University of Oregon, later taking a year of graduate work at Wellesley. As Jean Logan I taught for three years in Oregon. As to my work—I would rather people should read my accounts of the lives of some of our West African leaders that appeared in the MISSIONARY HERALD last year, and also the story of the West Africa Jubilee in the September issue, than spend time in listening to what I, personally, am doing.

Secretary: Miss Grace M. Breck of Lintsing, China.

Miss Breck: The University of Oregon is my Alma Mater, too, though my home was clear across the country—in New Jersey, where I also attended normal school. But I am not teaching just now. I am doing evangelistic work.

Secretary: Miss Frances B. Clapp of Kyoto, Japan.

Miss Clapp: My father was home missionary superintendent of Oregon for many years, and I attended Pacific University in Oregon, though my home was in Washougal, Washington. I also studied music for two years in Germany. I am teaching in Doshisha University, and I agree with Miss Gwinn that the job of teaching there is simply great.

Secretary: Miss Louise Torrence of Mt. Silinda, East Africa.

Miss Torrence: I surely qualify for membership in the Order all right, as my home was in Montana and I'm a member of the church in Billings, though I *did* go to Tabor College. I love my work of teaching in Mt. Silinda Institute.

Secretary: Mr. and Mrs. R. Eugene Dole, not yet of any mission station.

Mr. Dole: We are members of the Order, for our home is in Idaho—my wife was born in Oregon—and I took my B.S. in Mechanical Engineering at the University of Idaho, where I have been shop instructor for more than three years. We are going with our small daughter to the West Africa Mission, where I hope to build the plant made possible by the Jubilee Fund.

Secretary: The remaining members of the Order are members by adoption, not by virtue of birth or education. Eight of those who have already answered to their names are members on both counts.

Miss Clapp: Yes! I have been adopted by thirteen Oregon churches: Beaver Creek, Welsh; Corvallis First; Eugene; Oregon City; Salem, First; Smyrna; The Dalles; Beaverton; Hillsboro; Ardenwald; Portland First; Parkrose; St. Helens.

Mr. Dole: We have been adopted by the churches of the intermountain states: Idaho, Utah, and Wyoming.

Miss Gwinn: I represent the Portland Atkinson Memorial Church and the Portland Alameda.

Mr. Lyman: We stand for the churches of Washington, of Walla Walla especially.

Miss Nelson: So do I.

Miss Tontz: Klamath Falls, Hood River, Ione, Forest Grove, Hillsboro, Sunnyside, Portland Alameda, are my Oregon foster parents.

Miss Torrence: I have the whole state of Montana as my backer. Isn't it thrilling!

Secretary: Mrs. Merlin W. Ennis of Sachikela, Tokyo, Japan.

Mr. Roberts: We are the messengers of the churches of Washington as well as of Connecticut. Look on page 206 of the MISSIONARY HERALD for May for the picture of our little family and an account of what our main work now is and what it is going to be. My wife and I studied at Yale Divinity School at the same time, though my college was in Ohio and hers in Kansas. I taught for two years in Japan after completing my war service in the United States Navy.

Secretary: Rev. and Mrs. John E. Merrill of Aleppo, Syria.

Dr. Merrill: We are members of the Order by the grace of these churches in Oregon: Oregon City; Salem, First; Freewater; St. Johns. My wife is the daughter and granddaughter of missionaries to Turkey and a Vassar graduate; I am an alumnus of the University of Minnesota and there took my Ph.D. degree. Since 1898 I have been connected with Central Turkey College, before the war located at Aintab: Aleppo College, of which I am president, has just been officially recognized as the continuation of that college.

Secretary: Miss Jeannie L. Jillson of Beirut, Syria.

Miss Jillson: I have been adopted by the First Church of Forest Grove, Oregon, among others on the Pacific Coast, though I am a Massachusetts woman. Like the Merrills, having taught for years in Turkey, I am now, as principal of the American Armenian School in Beirut, teaching Armenians whose former homes were in Turkey.

Secretary: Rev. and Mrs. Edwin D. Kellogg of Shaowu, China.

Continued on page 282

REVIEWS BY HUGH VERNON WHITE

Mind and the World Order, by Clarence I. Lewis (Scribners, $3.00). This does not pretend to be a critical review or appraisal of *Mind and the World Order.* Such reviews have appeared in their proper place, the technical journals of philosophy. Some general observations upon the nature of scientific knowledge as developed in the book may, however, be made, and a suggestion or two given as to the bearing of the main theory upon religious faith.

In the first place the term "knowledge" is restricted to scientific knowledge. Such knowledge is purely and exclusively a structure of concepts defined in terms of other concepts related in logical order. Any experience has both the conceptual element and the "given" which is the immediate sensuous content. While these two elements enter into every "cognitive state" they are of fundamentally different character. The concept knowledge is made, and this knowledge is public or communicable by symbols, such as words. The sensuous or qualitative part is private, incommunicable and is not knowledge.

Scientific knowledge is pragmatic and predictive. It pertains to actions and possible actions. The concept therefore has a "temporal spread"; it points, not to some static existence but to the possibility of certain actions. Verification of the truth of a concept must be sought in behavior. The object of a concept is shown to be objectively real when the action indicated by a concept as possible occurs in experience. In this sense, then, knowledge is pragmatic—the validity of knowledge is proved by action. Dr. Lewis calls his theory "conceptualistic pragmatism."

All knowledge is instrumental in that it does not determine what the true or valid ends of action are but the possible course or courses of action by which ends may be attained.

The generalizations of scientific knowledge do not represent finally proved truths about nature or absolute certainty. Since truth is established only by experience and experience is always incomplete, the most conclusive scientific knowledge is probable only. This, of course, applies to all knowledge, for science simply carries to a higher degree of accuracy our ordinary knowledge of the world. Dr. Lewis does achieve certainty, however; but by a curious flank movement on the problem of probability. Any judgment which, in the light of all the known facts, is logically deduced therefrom stands as absolutely probable. Even though proved false by subsequent experience, it is always absolutely true that the judgment was probable in the light of all available facts at the time it was made. This is a logically water-tight doctrine, but it gives no additional assurance of any specific knowledge being any more than probable.

No application of this theory to the problem of religious faith is attempted except for a brief indication of the direction such an application would take in Appendix C. But the discussion of the nature and limitation of "knowledge" as defined is suggestive. The "given" even in ordinary experience is never completely reduced to concepts. Knowledge is always about something beyond itself. The reality is not the concept. Accordingly, a concept of God is not God, but if it is derived from experience and continuously tested by the behavior which it indicates, it should be progressively validated, even though never finally proved true. (This limitation is characteristic of all concepts.) Is not the evolution of the idea of God precisely this progressive correction and validation of the idea of God in experience?

Of course, religion is an experience in which ends, personal and social, are sought which are determined finally not by the judgments of intellect alone but also by intuitive apprehension of spiritual values. But some such intuitive element is needed in ordinary and scientific knowledge. The process by which a concept of God is derived from experience does not seem to be essentially different from that by which scientific concepts of the physical world are obtained. Religion, however, is like "applied" science; it is an experience in which intellect is, as elsewhere, instrumental, predictive and pragmatic. The experience of God as the end sought is self-validating to the one who has it. But, also, like an applied science, the concept of God is a part of the experience. The intellect cannot produce religion; but religion cannot exist apart from concepts, good or bad. There is a need for the continuous testing in experience of our idea of God.

Youth in a Believing World. By John Clark Archer (The Westminster Press, 1931). There have been two typical attitudes toward the non-Christian religions of the world. The traditional or orthodox Christian has had two categories for religions, the "true" and the "false," Christianity being the true and all others being false. This attitude made it easy to pick out and emphasize certain undesirable features in the common practice of the non-Christian religions. Reacting against this conventional view, it has become almost equally conventional in liberal circles to exalt and possibly exaggerate the values of other faiths.

Both these views are uncritical and emotional. What is needed is a careful, and, so far as possible, unbiased study of religions, both Christian and non-Christian. Such a study is common among advanced students, but has not gotten to the general

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public. This little manual, designated in a sub-title as "Studies in Living Religion," furnishes an admirable beginning for such a study. Necessarily, it is elementary, being for senior high school students. Professor Archer states in the Preface: "The study cannot be thorough for we lack the necessary time; but it can be selective, and accurate as far as it goes."

While the book is written for high school students, many more advanced in years and education will find that it contains an excellent outline view of living religions and stimulus for further study.

The treatment of Christianity is divided into sections on Jesus' view of the world, man, the goal of human life and God. The style is simple, clear, and readable.

The Clash of World Forces, Basil Matthews. (The Abingdon Press, $1.50). While three "world forces" are lucidly treated in this book, viz., Nationalism, Bolshevism, and Christianity, it is evident that the real "clash" is between the latter two. Both Bolshevism and Christianity are international, they are the real rivals for dominance in the modern world. The crux of the book is this rivalry and the contrast between the basic ideas and programs of these two ways.

Christianity with its reverence for personality, its idealism, its trust in spiritual forces and its belief in the Heavenly Father on one side; on the other, Bolshevism with its relentless subordination of the individual, its frank materialism, and its militant atheism. While the treatment of Bolshevism brings out those elements that are repugnant to the Christian mind, there is no attempt to identify Christianity with a capitalistic régime and so make ammunition for those who oppose any liberalizing influences in the economic order.

The resurgence of nationalism since the war is dealt with in short vivid sketches of the new European nations, India, and China. Mr. Matthews asks the question, "What is the nature of the feeling that binds people together as a nation?" He does not give an academic analysis and definition of that feeling, but nevertheless makes clear its force, its essential character and the technique of its development. Chief among the conditions for the growth of a national spirit is the personality who embodies and interprets it. Anyone who feels that the day of great men is past and that social movements can go on without them should consider Masaryk, Gandhi, Mussolini, and Sun-Yat-Sen. The brief, vivid sketches of the lives and works of these great prophets of national life add greatly to the interest of a very readable book.

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The book is written in popular style for easy reading and has a good bibliography for further study. Even those to whom it brings no new information will find in it a fresh and stimulating interpretation of the most significant movements in the modern world.

Helping People Grow, by Daniel J. Fleming (Association Press, $2.50). It is a good thing for people engaged in religious work to try to tell themselves what they are doing without using any of the usual religious vocabulary. Those terms and phrases express the way we feel about our work; they represent our intentions, but often they obscure actual facts. That is the reason why the most earnest religious effort is so often futile and self-defeating. What is needed is an objective, scientific account of the things being done, and the actual results that ensue.

Helping People Grow constitutes such a study of the whole range of missionary activity. In this book the best principles of educational psychology are brought to bear upon the varied problems of Christian missions. The approach is indicated by the title. Missions are conceived, not as the imposing of a fixed system of doctrine, morality or social organization upon non-Christian people, but as the bringing to bear upon them of Christian ideals in such fashion that they shall *grow* into "the quality and spirit of Jesus Christ."

It is recognized that while standards of life are being taught by direct instruction in theory or doctrine, the processes of life in the mission may be inculcating directly opposite habits of behavior. Great emphasis is laid upon the creating of a sense of personal responsibility, upon inner appreciation and response to Christian ideals and the stimulating of personal initiative on the part of newly made Christians.

The shift of responsibility from missionaries to nationals appears not merely as a generous yielding on the part of the missionary, nor as a bit of sound strategy to meet nationalistic feeling; Dr. Fleming shows it to be an essential factor in the growth of personality and the spirit of Christian service.

The clothing of these principles throughout in concrete incidents and illustrations not only makes them interesting and easily understood, but furnishes to the student of missions a thousand peep-holes into the actual detail of missionary work the world over. For the missionary and national worker this kind of treatment will be suggestive and will make abundantly plain practical ways in which the best educational principles may be applied to all kinds of practical situations and, further, how mistakes may be avoided and a critical estimate made of methods already in use.

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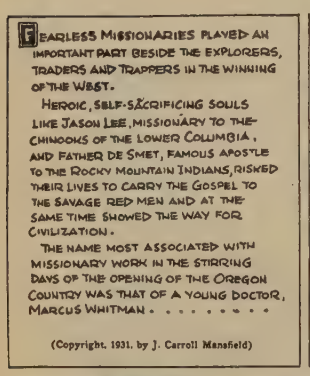

FEARLESS MISSIONARIES PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART BESIDE THE EXPLORERS, TRADERS AND TRAPPERS IN THE WINNING OF THE WEST.

HEROIC, SELF-SACRIFICING SOULS LIKE JASON LEE, MISSIONARY TO THE CHINOOKS OF THE LOWER COLUMBIA, AND FATHER DE SMET, FAMOUS APOSTLE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN INDIANS, RISKED THEIR LIVES TO CARRY THE GOSPEL TO THE SAVAGE RED MEN AND AT THE SAME TIME SHOWED THE WAY FOR CIVILIZATION.

THE NAME MOST ASSOCIATED WITH MISSIONARY WORK IN THE STIRRING DAYS OF THE OPENING OF THE OREGON COUNTRY WAS THAT OF A YOUNG DOCTOR, MARCUS WHITMAN. . . . . .

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IN 1834 THE REVEREND SAMUEL PARKER AND DOCTOR MARCUS WHITMAN, SENT BY THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, PENETRATED INTO THE LAND OF THE NEZ PERCÉS AND FLATHEADS, SEEKING AN OPPORTUNITY FOR MISSIONARY SERVICE. . . . . .

RETURNING TO BOSTON, WHITMAN REPORTED THAT HE HAD FOUND A RICH FIELD FOR MISSIONARY ENDEAVOR IN THE FAR WEST, AND VOLUNTEERED TO PLANT A MISSION AMONG THE INDIANS OF OREGON.

IN 1836 HE RECROSSED THE CONTINENT TO THE OREGON COUNTRY, BRINGING HIS BRIDE NARCISSA AND TWO OTHER MISSIONARIES, MR. AND MRS. HENRY SPALDING. MRS. WHITMAN AND MRS. SPALDING WERE THE FIRST WHITE WOMEN TO CROSS THE ROCKIES INTO OREGON. . . . .

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ARRIVING IN THE OREGON COUNTRY, MARCUS WHITMAN FOUNDED A MISSION AT WAIILATPU, NEAR THE SITE OF WALLA-WALLA, WASHINGTON, AMONG THE BARBAROUS CAYUSE INDIANS. . . . . .

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DR. WHITMAN WENT FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE PREACHING THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AND TEACHING THE REDSKINS THE RUDIMENTS OF THE WHITE MAN'S LEARNING. THE LITTLE MISSION AT WAIILATPU FLOURISHED.

THE GOOD DOCTOR SPENT LONG HOURS AMONG THE INDIANS TREATING THE SICK AND INJURED. HE ALSO TRIED TO INTEREST THE WARRIORS IN FARMING, WHILE HIS WIFE TAUGHT THE SQUAWS COOKING AND THE PROPER CARE OF CHILDREN.

ALTHOUGH GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES WERE SUPPOSED TO OCCUPY THE REGION JOINTLY, DR. WHITMAN WAS ALARMED TO SEE THE BRITISH FUR COMPANIES GAINING COMPLETE CONTROL. IF AMERICAN SETTLERS DID NOT COME IN GREATER NUMBERS, OREGON WOULD SOON BECOME ENTIRELY BRITISH. . . . . .

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DR. WHITMAN DECIDED IT WAS HIS MISSION TO SAVE OREGON FOR THE UNITED STATES,—TO BREAK THE HOLD OF THE BRITISH FUR COMPANIES ON THE TERRITORY BY WARNING THE PRESIDENT OF THE SITUATION AND ENCOURAGING MULTITUDES OF AMERICANS TO MIGRATE TO OREGON.

CONCEALING THE REAL OBJECT OF HIS JOURNEY UNDER THE GUISE OF A PERSONAL BUSINESS MATTER, WHITMAN, ACCOMPANIED BY A YOUNG SETTLER, IN OCTOBER, 1842, SET OUT FROM WAIILATPU ON HORSEBACK TO CROSS THE CONTINENT TO WASHINGTON.

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WINTER OVERTOOK THE TRAVELLERS BEFORE THEY REACHED THE ROCKIES AND WHITMAN FOUND ALL THE PASSES BLOCKED BY DEEP SNOWDRIFTS. DETERMINED TO KEEP ON, THE INTREPID MISSIONARY RODE FAR TO THE SOUTH, SEEKING A WAY THROUGH.

MANY TIMES THE TWO HEROES NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH. NOT UNTIL THEY REACHED SANTA FE DID THEY FIND A CLEAR TRAIL THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS. AT LAST, HAVING BEEN FORCED TO DETOUR A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE USUAL ROUTE, THE WEARY RIDERS RODE INTO ST. LOUIS.

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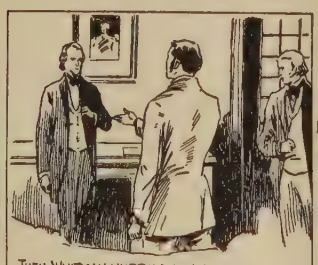
REACHING ST. LOUIS AFTER HIS DARING RIDE FROM THE PACIFIC COAST, MARCUS WHITMAN CONFERRED WITH SENATOR BENTON AND OTHER WESTERN STATESMEN WHO WERE WORKING ZEALOUSLY FOR THE ACQUISITION AND SETTLEMENT OF THE OREGON COUNTRY.



THEN WHITMAN HURRIED TO WASHINGTON, WHERE HE PLEADED OREGON'S CAUSE BEFORE PRESIDENT TYLER, AND BEGGED THE SECRETARY OF WAR TO BUILD PROTECTING FORTS ALONG THE OREGON TRAIL.

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DOCTOR WHITMAN WENT ON TO BOSTON TO REPORT TO THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY BOARD. THIS DONE, HE RETURNED TO THE MISSOURI FRONTIER. HERE HE FOUND WHAT HE HAD SO EARNESTLY PRAYED FOR,—A GREAT EMIGRANT CARAVAN READY TO START FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

THANKFULLY, TRIUMPHANTLY, THE DOCTOR HIMSELF GUIDED THE BIG WAGON TRAIN,—COMPOSED OF A THOUSAND SETTLERS, 200 COVERED WAGONS AND 3,000 HEAD OF CATTLE,—ACROSS THE PLAINS, OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE FERTILE VALLEYS OF OREGON.

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THIS EPISODE IN AMERICAN BOARD HISTORY

THIS HIGHLIGHT OF HISTORY BY MANSFIELD

AFTER MARCUS WHITMAN LED THE FIRST BIG WAGON TRAIN TO THE COLUMBIA A STEADY STREAM OF AMERICAN SETTLERS POURED INTO OREGON. THE BRITISH FUR COMPANIES TRIED HARD TO RETAIN CONTROL OF THE WHOLE REGION, BUT WERE SOON OUTNUMBERED BY THE AMERICANS . . . . . .

THE ADMINISTRATION AT WASHINGTON WAS RELUCTANT TO PRESS THE AMERICAN CLAIM TO THE REGION FOR FEAR OF BECOMING INVOLVED IN WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN, AND WAS INCLINED TO BE CONTENT WITH THE PART OF THE DISPUTED TERRITORY THAT LAY SOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

ON THE OTHER HAND AMERICANS WHO FAVORED NATIONAL EXPANSION DECLARED THAT ALL OF THE OREGON COUNTRY RIGHTFULLY BELONGED TO THE UNITED STATES AND IN 1844 RAISED THE CRIES "ALL OREGON OR NONE," "FIFTY-FOUR, FORTY OR FIGHT"! (Copyright, 1931, by J. Carroll Mansfield)

WHILE THIS CONTROVERSY WAS GOING ON IN THE EAST, THE AMERICAN SETTLERS IN OREGON TOOK MATTERS IN THEIR OWN HANDS AND SET UP A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT (1844).

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ATTENTION, GIRL SCOUTS

HAVE you read that book which makes most vivid in pen pictures the story that is illustrated on these two pages?

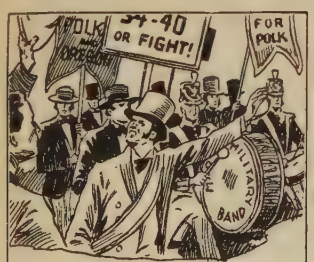
The fascinating story of the first white women to cross the Rockies; of their joys and sufferings in old Oregon among the Indians; of Narcissa Whitman's matching of wits with the heads of the Hudson Bay Company; of her heroic support of her husband's purpose to save Oregon for America; of her own inner heart struggle—these and other facts in pioneer days are brought out with great skill and interest—and power. We can say this without vouching in detail for the historical accuracy of her portraits and scenes.

The book is *We Must March* by Honore Willsie Morrow. It can be secured from your library probably—or from William Morrow and Company, New York, at $2.00 a copy.

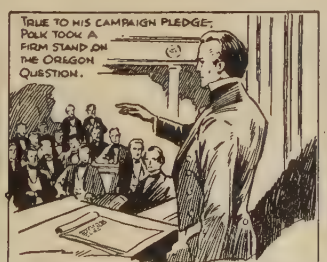
Back of all this story depicted above is the visit of some Oregon Indians to St. Louis around 1832 to ask for those religious teachers that were promised by Lewis and Clark on their famous exploration tour to the Coast in 1804–06. You will be interested in the reported speech of one of the Indians who were spared to start back to Oregon from St. Louis after waiting in vain many months for the fulfillment of the white man's promise to send teachers. We cull this from Mowry's *Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon:*

"I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with me—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep here by your great water. They were tried in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book from Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me the images of good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them. I am going back the long, sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor blind people, after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to the other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's Book, to make the way plain. I have no more words."

This Indian deputation so stirred the hearts of the Christian public by their pathetic lament for teachers who had never come to them, that the church people of America got busy and as a result the American Board voted to open a mission among the Nez Percés, Cayuses and other tribes of Oregon.



THE OREGON QUESTION WAS A LEADING POLITICAL ISSUE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1844. THE EXPANSIONISTS, THOSE WHO WISHED TO MAKE THE PACIFIC COAST AMERICAN, TRIUMPHED AND THEIR CANDIDATE, JAMES POLK, ENTERED THE WHITE HOUSE.



WHEN GREAT BRITAIN REFUSED TO COMPROMISE, POLK ASKED CONGRESS TO GIVE NOTICE TERMINATING JOINT OCCUPATION OF THE OREGON COUNTRY, TO ERECT FORTS IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY AND TO EXTEND THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES OVER THE REGION . . . . . .

CONSERVATIVE STATESMEN QUAILED, FEARING THAT POLK'S DARING STEP WOULD PLUNGE THE NATION INTO WAR WITH ENGLAND. BUT ENGLAND YIELDED AND A COMPROMISE TREATY WAS CONCLUDED IN 1846 BY WHICH THE UNITED STATES CAME INTO POSSESSION OF ALL THE OREGON COUNTRY SOUTH OF THE 49TH PARALLEL . . . . . .

MARCUS WHITMAN LIVED TO SEE THE STARS AND STRIPES FLOATING PROUDLY ON THE PACIFIC COAST, BUT A TRAGIC FATE AWAITED HIM. IN 1847 CAME THE APPALLING TRAGEDY AT WAIILATPU, WHEN DR. WHITMAN, HIS WIFE AND A DOZEN OTHER WHITES WERE MASSACRED BY THE VERY INDIANS THEY HAD SERVED SO NOBLY. . . .

IS ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE DISCERNING

THE HERALD'S ACCOUNT OF THE BEGINNING

dent that no very long period will elapse before a considerable white population will be settled at and around that port; and when this shall take place, we may expect that the natives in that region will be compelled to give way to the wishes and interests of white men. We cannot think of the American Indians and of the natives of this country, without fearing that years of missionary labor among Dingaan's people may yet be sacrificed to what is called the enterprise of civilized man. The emigration of the Boers, now going on from the colony, will make, we doubt not, an important era in the history of the aborigines of South Africa. Our brethren are, we suppose, still unacquainted with the movement of white men toward Natal, and therefore they may not fear the evil apprehended by ourselves. Should the English government become possessed of Port Natal, and adopt a humane, christian policy toward the natives of that region, Dingaan may continue king of his own country; but unless protected by British power, the year of his disinheritance is not far before him.

Indians West of the Rocky Mountains.

LETTER FROM MR. SPALDING, DATED AT FORT VANCOUVER, SEPT. 20TH, 1836.

Route pursued—Means of Subsistence—Reception at Wallawalla and Vancouver.

THE communication from which the following extracts are taken was written soon after Mr. Spalding and his associates arrived at Fort Vancouver. Mr. S. and his associates, including Mrs. S., Doct. and Mrs. Whitman, and Mr. W. H. Gray, left the frontiers of the state of Missouri about the first of May, 1836, in company with a company of gentlemen engaged in the fur-trade. Their route, as did that of Mr. Parker the preceding year, generally lay near the Missouri river, till they reached the mouth of the Platte, thence along that river to its forks, and thence along the north fork, by the Black Hills, to near its souree, thence to Green river, one of the head branches of the western Colorado, thence to the waters of Bear river, which empties itself into the great Salt Lake, and thence to the headwaters of Lewis' river, the southern branch of the Columbia, on which, or on the streams which run into it, they pursued their course to fort Wallawalla, one of the principal trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company, about three hundred miles from the Pacific ocean.

The mission family took with them a small wagon, which, however, they left behind them when they had accomplished about half their journey. They preferred to travel on horseback, and nearly the whole distance of more than 2,000 miles was passed in that manner. As the country is not inhabited, except by wandering bands of Indians, no supplies of provisions can be obtained on the way; and after the stock of provisions with which he started shall be exhausted, the traveler must depend for the means of subsistence on the game which may be taken as he proceeds. Of course he must confine himself almost entirely to animal food, while he will often find that to be scarce and of a bad quality. Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman are believed to be the first white women who have crossed the Rocky Mountains. But though subjected to many hardships and privations, and some perils, the health of the whole party was decidedly improved by the journey.

Mentioning the inconvenience experienced from the want of bread and vegetable food, Mr. Spalding remarks—

Our friends must think of us sitting on the burning sand, with a cup of tea in one hand, and a piece of dry, mouldy, and sour buffalo meat in the other, and this for our breakfast, dinner, and supper, for days and weeks together. As we drew near Wallawalla, we heard of its beautiful cattle, its hogs, and other fruits of civilized life; and be assured the anticipation of once more getting into my hand a potato or crust of bread, was no ways favorable to my sleep at night. But on reaching this desirable haven of rest, we were so suddenly transported from our former wild mode of living to that of civilized life, and so kindly treated by Mr. P., clerk of the Hudson's Bay Company, in charge of this establishment, that we were made almost to forget what we had been going through for days and weeks and months past. It seemed like a dream. And even now I cannot realize that I have spent the last spring and summer in passing the Rocky

THE HERALD'S ACCOUNT OF THE ENDING

many of the mountain Nestorians have feared, to withdraw their authority from Koordistan; but, on the other hand, to strengthen and permanently establish it. As an evidence of this, the Turkish government have recently issued an order to the new Pasha of Koordistan, to enfranchise all Syrian and other Christian slaves, and also Yezid slaves that may be in Turkish harems. This encourages us to hope that the way may be speedily opened for missionary labors in the mountains. Indeed, for all practicable purposes the way is now opened to the full extent of the means we have for occupying the field. Truly, and more truly than ever, in relation to the Nestorians, it may be said, "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few." With much propriety and earnestness, therefore, may we comply with the divine instruction, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."

Oregon Indians.

LETTER FROM MR. SPALDING, JANUARY 8, 1848.

Introductory Remarks.

THE readers of the Herald are already apprised of the disaster which has befallen the mission to the Oregon Indians. One of the stations has been destroyed; and the laborers occupying it have been murdered by the tribe they were endeavoring to rescue from the degradation and vices of heathenism.

Until recently there have been but three stations under the care of the Board in Oregon. These were Waiilatpu, Clear Water and Tshimakain. During the last year, however, the Methodist station at the Dalls was transferred to our brethren. Doct. Whitman has heretofore had charge of Waiilatpu; Mr. Spalding has labored among the Nez Percés at Clear Water; and Messrs. Eells and Walker have resided among the Flat Heads at Tshimakain. The station at the Dalls was committed to Mr. Hinman; with whom a nephew of Doct. Whitman was associated.

In regard to the causes of the deplorable event which has so unexpectedly darkened the prospects of the mission, Mr. Spalding, it will be seen, gives no opinion. The statements which have appeared in the newspapers are probably correct in part; but it is very questionable whether the whole truth has been told. For example, the alleged confessions of Mr. Rogers, implicating Doct. Whitman and Mr. Spalding in a conspiracy against the Indians, are not mentioned in any letter which has been received at the Missionary House. The reader will not fail to notice that part of the following communication which describes the interview between Mr. Spalding and the Roman Catholic priest. It certainly seems very extraordinary that baptism should have been administered to the children of the murderers, in such circumstances. And this occurrence assumes additional importance, when we remember the incessant efforts of the Romanists to extend their influence over the Indians of Oregon. Within a few months a large reinforcement of priests and nuns has entered that distant territory; and missions have been established at several points, not far from Waiilatpu and Clear Water.

While there is no reason to suppose that the Romanists have had any direct agency in the massacre of Mr and Mrs. Whitman, it is at least possible that they have said and done that which has had an unforeseen and undesigned connection with this melancholy event. Doct. Whitman, it is said, expressed his fears that their measures would give him trouble; particularly, as the diseases (measles and dysentery) which were introduced by emigrants from the States, and which proved so fatal among the Indians last fall, were declared by the priests to be a judgment sent upon the Americans for their heresy and wickedness. Some of the Kayuse chiefs, about this time, refused any longer to listen to his instructions. But a farther discussion of this topic must be deferred till fuller reports shall have been received.

Doct. Whitman was born in Rushville, in the state of New York, September 4, 1802. He joined the church in that place in January, 1824; though he dated his conversion from a revival in Plainfield, Massachusetts, in 1819. He gave himself to the missionary work in 1834. In February, 1835, he went to Oregon for the first time. Having returned the same year, he was married in February, 1836; and in the following month he set out a second time for his chosen field of labor. He made a visit to the Atlantic States in the spring of 1843, being called hither by the business of the mission. He was a diligent and self-denying laborer in the work to which he consecrated his time and energies. In the last letter received from him, he described at considerable length his plans and hopes in regard to the Indians, showing his interest not only in the Kayuses, but in more distant tribes.

Mrs. Whitman, a daughter of Hon. Stephen Prentis, was born at Prattsburgh, in the state of New York, March 14, 1808. She joined the church in that village in June, 1820, having indulged a hope that she had become a new creature in Christ Jesus during the preceding winter.

Roll Call (*Continued from page 273*)

Mr. Kellogg: We are not in Shaowu now, for my wife is in the States and I am temporarily in Foochow. We are very decidedly Oregon Trail members, for, though she is from Maine and I from Massachusetts, we are both members of the First Congregational Church of Portland, Oregon, and have been adopted by that and by fifteen other Oregon churches: Portland Alameda; Portland Finnish; Eugene; Knight Memorial, Salem; Condon; Highland; Parkrose; Pilgrim; University Park; Waverly Heights; Rainier; First, Salem; Ingle Chapel; Oswego; Corvallis First.

Secretary: Dr. Alma L. Cooke of Lintsing, China.

Dr. Cooke: The churches of St. Helens, Sunnyside, Beaverton, The Dalles, and Portland First, all of Oregon, among others on the Pacific Coast, have adopted me, though I am a "native daughter" of California, took my Bachelor's and Doctor's degrees at the University of California, and for years have been in charge of a hospital built by California women—and a gem of Chinese architecture it is, too.

Secretary: Rev. and Mrs. Frank Cary of Otaru, Japan.

Mr. Cary: I have been over the Oregon Trail often enough on my way to and from what *is* my field of labor and *was* my birthplace—Japan, my parents having been missionaries there. And now the Trail has adopted my wife and me through First Church, Tacoma, Washington. I might add that her Alma Mater is Vassar, mine Amherst, and that I taught in Japan before appointment as a missionary.

Secretary: Rev. and Mrs. George C. Lockwood of Jaluit, Marshall Islands.

Mr. Lockwood: We are under the Japanese flag, too. And it surely is great to be the representative of the churches of Washington and of Massachusetts among these kindly, eager people of Micronesia who so need what we can give them. I'm from Michigan, my wife from Wisconsin, but we met at a college in Illinois—North Central—after I had completed my two years in the army during the war. We brought a two-year-old daughter with us to Micronesia, and her little sister is almost three.

Chairman: And now that all are accounted for, we will discuss business.

OUR STAMP CORNER

FROM TURKEY

THE stamps of the present Turkish issue do not have the same size or shape, so it is not easy to arrange them in the order of their values and at the same time make an attractive page in our stamp albums. The following arrangement is suggested:

10 liras, 1½, 4 and 6 piasters which picture a strong blacksmith with his anvil and hammer, indicating modern industry. The animal in the foreground is the traditional white wolf of Turkish legend. This legend tells of a time when the Turks, then a small tribe in the heart of Asia, found themselves caught in the high mountains either by the storms of winter or by a hostile tribe. Starvation faced them. Finally one of them a blacksmith, noticed a white wolf which seemed to be master of the place. By following it he found the path that allowed them all to escape. The Turks believe their ancestors worshipped the white wolf before they became Mohammedans.

20 liras, 1, 2, 2½, 3 piasters commemorate the opening in 1930 of the railway line from Angora, the capital of Turkey, to Sivas, a large commercial center in north central Anatolia. A train is shown crossing the bridge over the Red River.

7½ 17½, 25 and 40 piasters picture another railway—from the Sea of Marmora up to the plateau of Asia Minor—as it passes through the historic gap in the mountains used by all the great conquerors of old: Greeks, Persians, Turks, and Romans.

5, 12½, 15, 20 and 30 piasters show the heights of Angora, with its ancient Roman ruins.

The 50 piaster stamp with its red frame gives a good picture of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the president of the Turkish Republic.

When you get a Turkish stamp like the above, look carefully at the word "cumhuriyeti." If no dieresis appears over the first "u", the stamp belongs to the 1929 issue.

12½ piasters equals 5 cents in our money.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER

The Greater Truth

"Several years ago," writes **Miss Frances Clapp,** "a highly educated Buddhist priest was a very regular attendant at a Bible class taught by a young American missionary. After a year spent in study of the New Testament, he came alone one Sunday, and for the first time they had an opportunity for personal conversation. The new work for the coming year was outlined, and the teacher said:

"We have now been studying the life of Christ for a year and you know the main facts of His life and teachings. What do you think of Him?"

He picked up his Bible and tapping it said, "In this book I hear the voice of God speaking to my heart."

"But does not the voice speak to you from your own books which also have many beautiful and helpful things in them?"

"Yes, but in this book is the greater truth."

A Worker among Released Prisoners

Miss Alice Gwinn of the Doshisha University has told the story of an interesting man who is doing work among released prisoners in Japan. "His father died when he was about twelve. His mother was unable to support her three children, so arranged to have him apprenticed to a stone cutter, a man who lived at some distance. She accompanied her son part way on his journey, and on the way they happened to see a group of prisoners in the hands of a guard. Instead of warning him: 'Now be careful son, or that is what may befall you,' she said, 'Look, are they not to be pitied? I hope when you grow up you may be able to do something for such men as these.'

"As he grew up he became quite a strong opponent of Christianity. Once he went to a meeting with others intending to create a disturbance. In the course of the address the speaker said, 'If this is a bad thing I am teaching it should be suppressed, it should be opposed, but it is not fair to oppose it till you know what it is.'

"This went home to the listener. He went out and got a Bible so that he could find out for himself what the foundation of this religion was, and he became a convert. A few years later he began his work for prisoners. Now he answers many calls to lecture, and his wife, who is as devoted and successful as he, often carries the brunt of the work."

To Commemorate an Indian Treaty

We have read in the Pioneer Press of St. Paul, Minnesota, of plans to erect a monument near Crookston, Minnesota, to commemorate the Indian treaty at Old Crossing in 1862. We understand that the counties of Lac qui Parle and Chippewa are asked to sponsor a monument at the old Lac qui Parle Indian Mission. The year 1935 will mark that Mission's one hundredth anniversary, and it is suggested that it would be well to have a monument erected there, for in the summer of 1835 Rev. Thomas Smith Williamson, M.D., and Alexander G. Huggins, appointees of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, started a Mission at Lac qui Parle. They were located at Mendota "for missionary purposes and agricultural for the benefit of the wild Indians of that place and vicinity." The Mission continued to function for twenty years on the western frontier of Minnesota.

Who Follows in Their Train?

"In the Armenian Camp for Refugees in Beirut there is a young man who has been confined to his bed for several years with hardening of the joints," writes **Miss Jeannie Jillson.** "He lives in a little one-room home reached by a ladder-like stairway and is one of a family of five. He is able to move only part of his right hand and three fingers. Yet he has taught himself to draw and paint and earns two-thirds of the support of this family of five. He told me that many men came to him who could not find work.

" 'But,' he said, 'I lie here in bed, unable to move, and God sends me more work than I can do. I am satisfied and happy. I have Jesus in my heart and I am happy.'

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"There is in the camp an Armenian woman named Yester who is a cripple, obliged to walk with two crutches. She is alone in the world. Her home is a room ten by twelve feet of plain boards with great cracks between, with a zinc roof, a glassless window, an earthen floor. Her arms are so twisted and stiff that every morning she must take her comb and go to a neighbor to get her hair combed. When she wants to cook her food she must ask a neighbor to light her stove. Her neighbors take turns in putting in a few pieces of her clothing when they do their washing.

"'I had a good home, clothing in abundance, and all the comforts of life,' she said to me in telling about her life before the deportations. 'I had much, but I was not happy. I was not satisfied. Now I am satisfied, my heart is at peace. I have peace within and God takes care of me.' Her face beamed with joy as she talked."

Other Schools in Mexico

The Union Theological Seminary has moved from its old quarters to a fine old residence building in the Colonia Roma. A post-graduate year has been added to the regular three-year-course. In connection with this, Mr. Leach is to give practical courses in sociology and social problems.

The carpentry shop of the Colegio Internacional, Guadalajara, has been enlarged, and there will be classes in commercial drawing and clay-modelling in addition to the wood-working and cabinet-making already given. Mr. Salvador Perez, who has had a long practical experience in the United States, is the efficient teacher of these courses.

Over two hundred young men and women are enrolled in the night classes of the social center at Guadalajara that was started a year ago under the leadership of Miss Ramona Salazar. As she is studying in the United States, the center is under the direction of Pastor Zambrano, who has things very well organized and gets coöperation from the Colegio and the Instituto teachers and students.

The Colegio El Pacifico's New Site

Construction of the new building on its magnificent site above the sea at Mazatlan, Mexico, has begun, and it will probably be ready for occupancy in the fall. The boarding department under Mrs. Galvan's efficient management has been occupying the former mission residences on the hill, while classes have been held in the old rented quarters. Miss Bonnie Korns of San Gabriel, California, is Miss Barnard's successor in the school.

Dr. Hivale on the Staff of His Alma Mater

Rev. Bhaskarao Hivale has been this school year on the staff of Wilson College, University of Bombay, India, a position he had greatly desired as he had been graduated from Wilson. He had studied in America, receiving his Ph.D. from Harvard, and was one of the speakers at the Bridgeport meeting of the Board. A product of the Marathi Mission, he is a third-generation Christian. He had the great distinction, since his return to India, of being appointed by the University as its delegate to the Philosophical Congress at Dacca.

Wanted

To meet an urgent demand from historians, historical societies and librarians, Dr. Arthur H. Smith of China needs as many copies of the MISSIONARY HERALD for January, 1925, as he can secure.

This is the number that contains the interesting correspondence between the late President Roosevelt and Dr. Smith on the matter of the remission of the China indemnity, etc.

Many of our loyal readers will remember the part played by this beloved missionary and author and will doubtless be glad to share their copies with him.

We suggest that these be addressed to him direct. He is at Pilgrim Place, Claremont, California.

A Correction

In Robert W. McClure's article on the Foochow Union University that appeared in our May number, page 190, we inadvertently dropped out of the list of Boards coöperating in that institution the Church Missionary Society of England. Our one consolation is that an old and honored British society will gain a bit of much deserved attention from this careless mistake of ours.

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"This victory for a Christian school student is one bit of evidence showing that at least here in Tientsin no distinction is drawn between government and private church schools. In fact, at the close of the contest the chairman, representing the Nationalist Party, went out of his way to praise the work done by the students of the Mission schools.

"A further interesting fact is that Shih Wan Pao is not only one of the Christian students in our school but is also the son of one of our Chinese evangelists. He is also a leading player on the school basketball team and president of the Brotherhood Club, an organization of twenty boys whose principal aim is social service.

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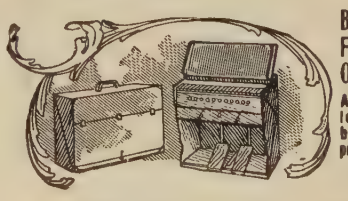

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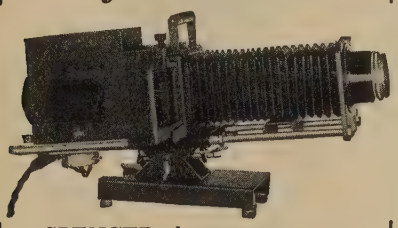

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PERSONALIA

MISS ETHEL MAY LEROY'S appointment for a three-year term of teaching in the Girls' High School at Ahmednagar is of special interest in that, although she is of missionary parentage, she was born, not in India, but in South Africa. Her parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. E. LeRoy, were connected with Amanzimtoti Institute, Adams, Natal, for twenty-five years, Mr. LeRoy having been its principal for many years. He is for the present head of the Walker Missionary Home in Auburndale. Miss LeRoy was graduated from Oberlin in 1922, took her Master's Degree at Teachers' College, Columbia University, and has been teaching since, the past four years in the Junior High School at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

MRS. DUANE V. WALN of Chilesso, West Africa, found interruptions at home prevented her getting ahead in her study of Umbundu as fast as she would like, so she decided to spend two months in a village where she would hear only Umbundu, "uncontaminated by missionary Umbundu." Everyone laughed at her plan and predicted she wouldn't stay. But she found life in the village very interesting. The women had never seen a bottle-fed baby before and just couldn't get over it. When he cried they said "Ndona Mariana, have mercy and give him food. When our babies cry we have mercy on them." Whereupon Mrs. Waln would ask, "But isn't my baby as fat as yours, and does he cry any more than yours?" And they were honest enough to admit that he didn't cry as much as theirs, but all the same they would shake their heads and think there was something wrong.

MRS. ALICE BROWNE FRAME, Dean of Yenching College, Yenching University, Peiping, China, accepts this month the position of secretary for the Five Year Movement and for Religious Education in the North China Mission, and leaves Yenching College.

REV. WILLIAM P. WOODARD of the Japan Mission has finished, for the use of a teachers' group that is studying the life of Jesus, a translation of the "Analytical Outline of the Synop-

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tic Gospels," found in Burton and Goodspeed's *Harmony of the Synoptic Gospels.*

Miss Elizabeth Cushman and Guy Thelin, both of Foochow and both on furlough at present, have announced their engagement. The wedding will probably take place in June.

Mrs. C. P. Garman of the Japan Mission has been made a member of the Committee of Arrangements of the Federation of Christian Women which has grown out of the Day of Prayer for Missions in Tokyo. The Federation meets twice a year in addition to meeting on the Day of Prayer.

THE CHRONICLE

Appointments

April 14. Miss Helen Virginia Barns of Yokohama, for a two year term as a teacher in the Baika School, Osaka, Japan.

April 14. Miss Marion Kane of Dalton, Massachusetts, as a teacher in Kobe, Japan.

April 14. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Curtis Tong of New Haven, Connecticut, to the Philippines Mission.

April 14. Mr. Robert James Greef of Eldora, Iowa, for a three year term in the Near East Mission as a teacher in the American Collegiate Institute, Erenkeuy.

April 14. Mr. Theodore Frederick William Hodwalker II of Crete, Nebraska, for a three year term as a teacher in Jefferson Academy, Tunghsien, North China.

Furloughs Authorized

April 14. Miss Olive Greene of the Near East Mission in the summer of 1931.

April 14. Miss Louise Rounds of the West Central Africa Mission, beginning in April, 1931, for health reasons.

April 14. Mrs. Lucius C. Porter of the North China Mission, beginning in March instead of July as voted.

April 14. Miss Margaret Ann Smith of the North China Mission, beginning in the summer of 1931.

April 14. Miss Martha Wiley of the Foochow Mission, beginning in the summer of 1931.

April 14. Rev. and Mrs. John S.

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Marsh of the East Africa Mission, when it seems advisable to the doctors, on account of the illness of their daughter Louise.

April 14. Rev. and Mrs. Lee Vrooman of the Near East Mission, beginning in the summer of 1931.

SAILINGS FOR THE FIELD

April 17. From New York, Dr. and Mrs. George E. White, returning to the Near East Mission.

May 9. From New York, Miss Mabel E. Long, joining the Near East Mission.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

February 6. At Madura, South India, Miss Eva M. Swift, returning to the Madura Mission.

February 26. At Madura, South India, Dr. and Mrs. Edward W. Wilder, returning to the Madura Mission.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

March 29. In New York, Miss F. Louise Rounds of Sachikela, West Africa.

March 31. In New York, Mrs. Charles L. Storrs of Shaowu, China.

April 1. In New York, Miss Dorothy L. Blanke of Madura, South India.

April 17. In Vancouver, Dr. Wynn C. Fairfield after a five months' trip to Japan and China.

BIRTHS

February 16. At Adams, South Africa, a daughter, Anna Lois, to Mr. and Mrs. John A. Reuling of the South Africa Mission.

March 7. At Aintab, a son, Albert Warner, Jr., to Dr. and Mrs. Albert W. Dewey of the Near East Mission.

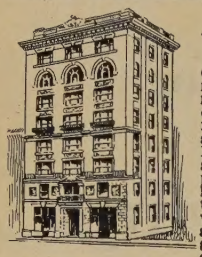
DEATH

March 27. In New York City, Dr. James F. Cooper, medical missionary in the Foochow Mission, 1913-1917.

April 26. At Mahableshwar, India, Mrs. F. Sidney Wilder of the Marathi Mission.

April 28. At Newton, Kansas, Mrs. Peter S. Goertz, missionary in Foochow, China from 1918 to 1927.

American Congregational Association



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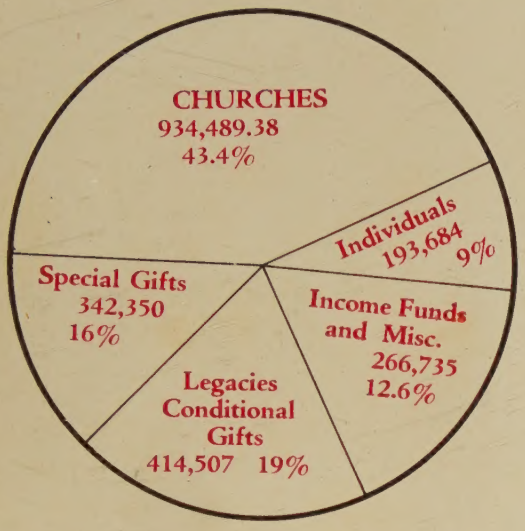
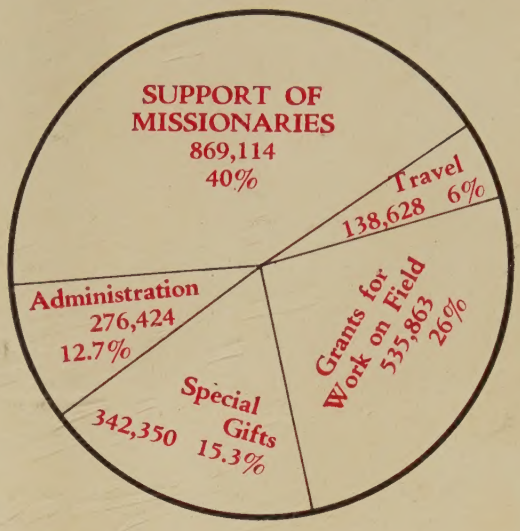


WHERE IT GOES



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